# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR,
  Gentlemen one and all,
And you, most charming ladies,
  Who grace this splendid hall.
The wind is free and biting cold,
  But the fire is very near;
I watch its glare through the window-pane—
  So I wish you a Happy New Year.

Excuse me if my nose is blue,
  If my garments are not whole;
Your coats, I see, are of double cloth,
  Your boots are a double sole.
It is gay and glorious wine you drink,
  I can see it sparkle from here,
As I stand on the pavement, cold and wet,
  And wish you a Happy New Year.

Oh! ladies, bright and beautiful,
  I came but an hour ago
From a lonely room, in a lonely street,
  That your footsteps never know.
I saw a woman whose blood I see
  Stitched in your robes of silk—
How she would have relished a glass ot wine
  Instead of her bread and milk!

The times are very, very hard,
  And labor very low—
In yonder garret there lies a man
  Whose head is tinged with snow:
The landlord says he must die to-day,
  He looks so gaunt and grim;
He says he owes for a quarter's rent—
  It is very bad for him.

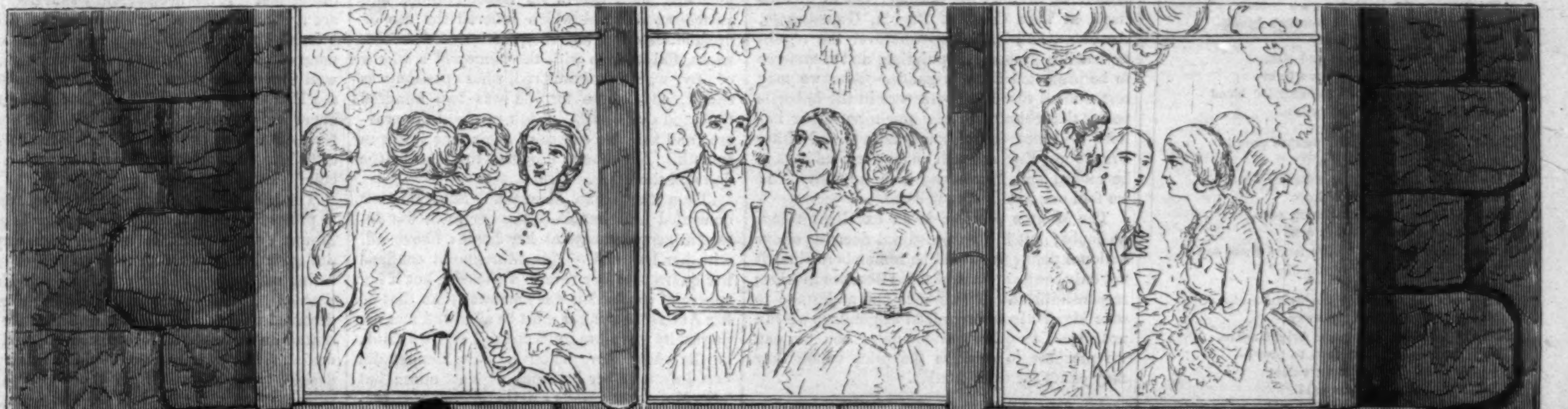
Fair lady, you with the golden hair,
  Come gaze at this thin-lipped child;
See how she shivers and shrinks along,
  And looks so wan and wild.
Did you notice, lady bright and fair,
  That she had an eye like you?
It was dim and sad with hunger and cold,
  But a perfectly heavenly blue.

It was but a few short minutes ago,
  As I came through yonder lane,
That I met a pale and trembling girl,
  Whose face was marked with pain.
She clutched her fingers long and thin,
  And raised her tearless eye
To the tempting loaves in a baker's shop,
  And—hurried swiftly by!

I knew that pale and tearless girl
  When she was enshrined, like you,
The jewel of a peerless home,
  The well beloved and true.
Change comes, my gentle lady fair,
  Change to the loved and dear;
But change may never come to you—
  So I wish you a Happy New Year.

Ah me! when I was a little boy,
  That was a happy time;
The New Year was a New Year then,
  My life a pleasant rhyme.
But the time has passed and brought a change,
  A change for sorrow and woe;
But I will not speak of that happier time,
  'Tis so very long ago.

And now, my gentle ladies all,
  May you never know want or sin—
I see that the toes are out of my boots,
  And the snow-water rushes in.
So I bid you all a gay good-by,
  Though bread is very dear;
Ladies and gentlemen, fair and good,
  I wish you a Happy New Year.



"I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

## EVEN IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

[The event which is commemorated in the following lines took place at Cincinnati. An unfortunate woman was offered money by a man whom she knew: she refused it with scorn, bidding him "take it to his sister." Roused to fury by the expression, the man stabbed her and fled. As she lay dying on the floor one of her unfortunate companions raised her head, with the entreaty, "Pray, Mary, pray; you are dying!" The dying woman recovered strength enough to utter an audible prayer for her child and her husband—then gave up her spirit.]

She had fallen—fallen very low,
She was covered with paint and sin,
She flaunted her gaudy satin and silk
To cover the stain within.
Lost to the world, and lost to herself,
With the curse of the Lord upon her,
The wreck of what was a womanly heart,
The wreck of a womanly honor.

God and herself alone could know
The cause of her desperate fall;
Man alone can never be judge,
When God alone knows all:
But oh! this wreck of a womanly soul,
However deep it may sink,
Is the last to offer the deadly cup
That the pure of heart may drink.

She flaunted her silks in the gaslight's glare,
And glittered in jewels and gold,
While the crowd stood by, with a sneering look,
To canvass the charms she sold;
There was music, wine, and the scoffing laugh,
That seemed in its tones to say—
"Should you come, O Death! to this reckless group,
Which would you bear away?"

He had offered her gold in a sullen tone,
She had put it away in scorn;
That woman, all in unwomanly shame,
Had still a heart to be torn.
He had torn it with a shameless word,
That cut like a jagged knife;
He had added a curse, like another stone,
To crush her light of life.

She had bidden him take his dross of gold
To the light of the morning sun,
Whatever her shame in life might be,
Her shame with him was done:
He had a sister, young and fair,
Let him give it unto her;
Perhaps it would keep a guileless step
From the path where she would err.

Quick and short were the words of strife
That rose o'er the music's flood,
And quick as light was the flashing steel
Dimmed with her heart's warm blood.
Where now is the gay and the mocking laugh?
And where is the music's tone,
Since Death has stepped in the midst of the crowd
And silently claims his own?

There are pallid lips and staring eyes
To gaze on the bubbling gore
That is welling up from a woman's heart,
Who is dying on the floor.
She is dying, clad in satin and silk,
In the blaze of the gorgeous light;
And the jewels mix with the dabbled blood
On her bosom warm and white.

There is one alone of that wanton crowd
As gay and as lost as she,
Who has raised the dying woman's head,
And is holding it on her knee.
She is whispering in her closing ears,
And watching her filming eye:
"Pray, darling, pray; I have heard them say
In a few short minutes you die."

The words have arrested the flying soul—
The soul that is passing away;
And the dimming eye grows bright again,
And the hands are clasped to pray—
To pray aloud in a choking voice;
But never a prayer she said
For her lost, despairing, sinful self,
Dying in shivering dread;

She is praying aloud for the child she has left,
For the one who called her wife;
The prayer is bubbling up with her blood,
And going out with her life.
Christian people, one and all,
Who have light with the Lord above,
Think of the end of the wanton girl,
Who prayed for her earthly love!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 1, 1859.

## PROTECTION TO UNITED STATES CITIZENS ABROAD.

THE most sarcastic thing that ever was said of the United States was a remark of Charles Dickens, in his "Child's History of England," to the effect that this country was "honorably remarkable for protecting its citizens wherever they went." There were many things in the "American Notes" that were snobbish and unfair. There were many unkind and ungenerous insinuations in "Martin Chuzzlewit." But neither Charles Dickens nor any one else ever uttered so cutting and cruel a sarcasm about the United States as the passage we have quoted from his "Child's History." Praising a miser for his liberality, extolling a rake for his virtue, commending a pirate for his regard for law, eulogizing a rowdy for his love for order—would be faint parallels to the biting sneer conveyed in these few words.

For it is well known that, in many parts of the world, American citizens have been or are still compelled to feign to be Englishmen in order to insure safety for their lives and property. Until very recently, our countrymen in China were constantly compelled to place themselves under the protection of the British authorities whenever internal troubles interfered with the routine of Chinese affairs. Throughout Mexico, Central and South America, citizens of the United States have been constantly in the habit of claiming to be Englishmen, whenever the native governments have molested them; knowing well how utterly the name of United States citizen was derided, and how much that of subject of the Queen of England was respected. Every one remembers the case of a poor countryman of ours who was seized and condemned to death some years since by the Spanish Americans, and who was rescued from judicial assassination by the gallant humanity of the British Consul. That official, in spite of the patriotic scruples of our countryman, threw the Union Jack round him as he was led to the place of execution, and defied the Spaniards to shoot him through that shield. They knew better; and he was saved.

These considerations recur to the mind with great force as one reads of the frightful oppressions practiced on United States citizens in Mexico. Not a mail arrives from thence but we learn of some American being imprisoned or robbed or outraged in some way or other by the bandits who have that miserable country under their control. Now it is a prosperous merchant who is forced to give up half his property in order to save his neck; now a peaceable citizen of the United States who is forced into the ranks of the Mexican army; now a poor fellow who is seized on some pretext or other and kept in a Mexican dungeon for months. These things occur weekly, almost daily, in Mexico, and no practical notice is taken of them by this Government of ours—which, in the cruel, sarcastic language of the foreign satirist, is "honorably remarkable for protecting its citizens wherever they go."

It is not exaggerating to say that no civilized nation in the world, in the position we occupy, would have so long suffered the Mexican pirates to curse the fairest portions of this continent with their outrages. France, Great Britain, Austria, Russia would long ago have called them to severe account; and if they found, as we believe to be the case, that the people of the country were incapable of maintaining order in their midst, would have garrisoned the country at their expense.

Mr. Buchanan talks of establishing forts in Sonora and Chihuahua. It is not in those desolate and uninhabited States that garrisons of American soldiers are needed; but at Mexico itself, at Vera Cruz, at Puebla, Guanaxuato, Acapulco, and Tampico—wherever the republic has life, property, population, and commerce to be protected from brigands. And we may rest assured that if we persevere in the imbecile policy this country is now pursuing, other nations will not follow our example. Neither France nor England will suffer their subjects to be robbed and imprisoned with impunity. If we fold our hands they will act.

The Monroe doctrine is an excellent thing, no doubt; but if it be a cardinal doctrine of our national policy, it should be remembered that it not only confers privileges, but likewise involves responsibilities. If we will not undertake to save Mexico from organized brigandage we can not object to other nations doing so; nor can we presume to criticise the price which they may exact for their trouble.

## RUNNING IN DEBT.

THE United States are running in debt like any young spendthrift. They are borrowing between twenty and thirty millions a year—not on account of any foreign war, not to purchase Cuba, not to build the Pacific Railroad, but simply to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government. Mr. Cobb has advertised that he will issue the remaining ten millions of the authorized loan on 24th January; and at the present rate of expenditure, another loan of equal amount will be required before the end of the fiscal year 1858-9.

All this borrowed money will be a charge on future generations. They will gain nothing by its expenditure; but it will devolve on them to pay it back. The President admits that this is all wrong. The Secretary of the Treasury is disgusted. The newspapers are indignant at the violation of sound financial principle and good faith to posterity. Yet nothing is done to remedy the evil. Members of Congress have devised no better financial scheme than insane projects of protection for this or that interest. Congress votes by a large majority that the Pacific Railroad shall be wholly built of American iron—thus imposing a tax on the whole country, and largely increasing the cost of the road, for the benefit of American iron-makers. And other similar schemes, encouraged by the weak Pennsylvanian suggestions of the President in his Message, are the only financial measures that have as yet been broached in the national Legislature.

We are waiting to see whether no member will have the boldness to point out the radical absurdity of our financial system, and to propose an honest democratic substitute in the shape of a direct tax. It is, perhaps, futile to expect any such proposition, for undoubtedly some personal unpopularity would be encountered by the man who took the responsibility of suggesting it. There ought, however, to be some men in Congress who have character and courage enough to run counter to a little public prejudice for the sake of the permanent good of the nation. We must wait and see.

## DIRTY MATRIMONIAL LINEN.

THE columns of the papers have been filled for over a week with the details of a disgusting divorce case at New Haven, in which one Dr. Bennett, a maker of patent pills, was defendant, and his wife plaintiff. Simultaneously, we notice by our English files that the public ear in Great Britain has been absorbed by the unpleasant details of a very similar case, under the new English Matrimonial Act, between a Rev. Mr. Marchmont and his wife.

In some respects the analogy between the cases is very striking. Dr. Bennett concerned himself about ailments of the body. Dr. Marchmont was a volunteer preacher, who made a living by renting a chapel and hiring out the pews, much after the fashion of the cunning Jew, Mr. Sherrick, in "The Newcomes." Both, in private, seem to have entertained very small respect for their respective avocations. Both indulged visions of wealth. Both had a hankering after "nabobs." Both were meek men; liable to physical ill-usage at the hands of their spouses. Dr. Bennett swears that his wife kicked him off lounges; Dr. Marchmont testifies that his wife was in the habit of shaking him and dashing him against walls. Yet both, with exemplary fortitude, refused to be parted from their female tyrants. Bennett was content to be kicked, and Marchmont to be cuffed and shaken. In both cases it was the female despot who sought consolation at the hands of justice. Mrs. Bennett went into court to beg that she might be debarred the society of the man she kicked; Mrs. Marchmont entreated that the skull of her reverend slave might be taken out of her hands. Possibly both ladies, conscious of their infirmity, were afraid to trust themselves longer in the exercise of such undisputed despotism.

Thus far the cases bear some resemblance. But there are points in which they are strikingly dissimilar. Dr. Bennett, an old man, fell in love with his wife, a young and remarkably pretty milliner, who married him for a home and for the comforts of affluence. Dr. Marchmont, a young man, by trade a speculative preacher, attached to no denomination, and professing a creed which suffered the use of profane language and the practice of dishonest tricks, fell in love with the money of a widow of fifty, whose nose was red, whose passion was sherry, and whose fortune was two hundred thousand dollars net. Both reversed the proverb, and saw the course of their true love run smooth. Matrimony crowned the bliss of the one and the other.

Then the scene changed. Mrs. Bennett quarreled with her clothing, her food, the domestic arrangements at her home; above all, with her husband. Mrs. Marchmont confined her quarrels to her reverend spouse; but if her sphere of contention was narrower than that of her American rival, it must be admitted that her pugnacity was more concentrated, and, we think, on the whole, more effective. Mrs. Bennett did certainly kick her husband, at least once; but Mrs. Marchmont made a daily practice of swearing at hers, striking him about the head, and battering that part of his body against the wall. As a combatant Mrs. Marchmont must bear away the palm.

Between the masculine partners of these pugnacious ladies there is nothing to choose. Moses is said to have been a meek man; but it is a question whether he could have borne with a Mrs. Marchmont or a Mrs. Bennett. Their respective husbands never repined. Once or twice Dr. Bennett whined in a feeble way, and introduced a student to his wife, requesting him to kiss her, "in order that every body might be happy;" and when things came to the worst, Dr. Marchmont would swear roundly at his wife, and, seizing her bodily in his arms, would carry her to her room. But these fitful ebullitions of temper exhausted, both husbands would humbly sue for forgiveness, and seek uxorious solace at the feet of their half-appeased spouses. Indeed, their meekness and submission to outrage were such that one is at a loss which to admire most—the temper of the husbands who could endure such tyranny, or the temper of the wives who were not satisfied with such unexampled models of patience and docility.

Some persons have expressed regret at the publicity given to the evidence in these two cases. We do not share the feeling. There are trials in which public decency forbids the publication of testimony taken in Court; but these cases do not belong to that category. In them neither husbands nor wives charged their partners with breaches of the marriage vow. Both suits grew out of petty, miserable, mean quarrels about small, ridiculous matters. There is hardly a couple in the country which have not differed on the questions which blighted the domestic peace of the Bennetts and the Marchmonts. It is well, therefore, we think, that the cases have been ventilated.

Reasonable husbands and wives differ and dispute—some even quarrel about domestic matters; but if there be common sense on either side, the dissension is bounded by the family limits. No breath or word of it passes the chamber walls. It is a sacred secret, not to be whispered to the most intimate friend. The Marchmonts and the Bennetts did not obey this very simple rule. They first blurted their domestic sorrows into the ear of every one who would listen, from their servants to their lawyers. Next they appealed to the Courts and the newspapers. And now they have their reward. There is not a town or a village in England where the Marchmonts could be received by any decent family; nor is there a settlement in the United States in which the Bennetts could show their head without being pointed at by the finger of scorn and suspicion. This is the natural and the proper result of washing dirty matrimonial linen in public.

## THE MOUNT VERNON BUSINESS.

IT seems to be generally understood that the grand festival at the Academy of Music, in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund, was a failure. Whether errors were committed by the managers, or whether the cause did not appeal with sufficient power to the feelings and pockets of the public, is a matter of dispute; at any rate, it is certain that an "unparalleled combination of artistic talent" failed to draw a full house on the night of the dramatic performance, and that the most magnificent orchestra in the city and the best floor for dancing did not succeed in alluring the great public to the Academy on the night of the ball and festival. Be the cause what it may, the facts are undeniable.

We do not propose to criticise the arrangements. They were, no doubt, excellent in their way; and, on the whole, it is likely that the right course was pursued to attain the end proposed. The best talent and the largest experience in the city were placed at the service of the committee, and it is reasonable to suppose that nothing was omitted which could insure success. Yet the festival, as a pecuniary enterprise—and this is the only light in which it deserves to be regarded—was an undoubted failure. What is the secret? We can not presume to say.

There are considerations which will force themselves on the mind on occasions like this, and which deserve to see the light, if only in order to elicit from the proper quarter thorough discussion. It has been actually said that there are arguments *against* the purchase of Mount Vernon by the American people; and while none of us believe them to be sound, it may be well to ventilate them, if only in order to afford the Hon. Edward Everett and his colaborers an opportunity of refuting them. If they possess force enough to chill the liberality of the most open-handed people in the world, it were a mischief, surely, to keep them hidden.

The idea of canonizing an individual, then—to present the argument of the opponents of the Mount Vernon purchase in their own way—is not quite consonant with the institutions or the ruling sentiments of the people of the United States. Every one admits that Washington deserved well of his country, and that he presented an example of rare patriotism and self-denial. But whether he would himself have desired to be isolated from the other patriots who co-operated with him in his great work seems—to the cavilers whose views we are now presenting for refutation—to be a matter of some doubt. That he did his duty, all admit; but so also did others; and if his estate be purchased by the people of the United States, what shall be done for Adams, for Jefferson, for Franklin, and for Pinckney?

The feeling of the people of the United States is, it must be confessed, decidedly opposed to any thing resembling a reverence for past things or for deceased men. That adoration of dead heroes, which occupies so large a space in the feelings of Europeans, and which has added so many saints to their calendar, is unknown here. And while no historian of this country could ever venture even upon a criticism of the motives or the policy of Washington, it has been doubted whether, in the breast of the American people, the name of the Father of his Country excites such enthusiasm as that of Wellington does among the English or that of Napoleon among the French. This may be all wrong; but that it is none the less a fact, many authorities are quite positive.

Such are a few of the futile remarks which are uttered, every day of the year, by persons who seek an excuse for not contributing to the Mount Vernon Fund. They will even add—such is the ingenuity with which men will defend assaults upon their purse—that they see no reason why they should deprive themselves of money which they need in order to enrich a Virginia speculator, who seeks to trade upon his accidental connection with George Washington. And they will say that if neither the Congress of the United States nor the Legislature of Virginia thought fit to humor Mr. Washington in his speculation, they see no good reason why the people of Louisiana and New York, or Maine and Texas, should be expected to perform that office.

We have thought it well, as we said above, that these obviously erroneous views should see the light in order that Mr. Everett, and the other partisans of the Mount Vernon speculation, should enjoy an opportunity of refuting them, and overwhelming their authors. For our part, we should gladly see Mount Vernon out of the hands of its present owner and in possession of the public. A couple of hundred thousand dollars would be a very small tribute to the memory of Washington; though, it is true, the memory of Hamilton, which concerns us more closely, remains yet unhonored.

# THE LOUNGER.

### THE PRESENT SEASON.

AT a time when we must all give presents, what shall we give? What thousands of perplexed people wanting to be generous are walking up and down all the chief streets in all the chief cities of this continent, wondering what on earth they shall do. It is not very difficult to "do" for the children. A wild fascination invests every gift for them, and Christmas and New Year's week is a time slipped from Fairy land.

But what shall Brown give Jones and Robinson? Above all, what shall Jones give Mrs. Brown? Rings and pins are pretty, but there is something very bald and unmitigated in deliberately turning a few dollars into jewelry and giving it to a friend. It is too much like giving a draft upon the jeweler. Somehow it smells of bribery. If Mr. Jones sends Mrs. Brown diamond *solitaires*, for instance, how can she ever feel quite free to say and do precisely as she wishes and thinks about Mr. Jones?

Besides, a gift ought to have something personal and even individual about it. When Lucy works Harry a purse or a pair of slippers, she gives him something of her own; but when Harry retorts with a Cashmere shawl or an opal pin, he dodges the whole thing. Anybody with five hundred or a thousand dollars to spare can buy a Cashmere shawl.

And yet, real affection changes the dead lustre of precious stones into flashes of life and love, so that, perhaps, upon a consideration of all chances and circumstances, a man may be permitted to present a woman with jewels. Therefore, Madame, please look upon that opal pin as a pretty hint of the gleaming, flickering beauty of the modesty which holds your lover's tongue; and upon that diamond as the pure, steady light of his love; upon the Cashmere shawl as the symbol of his sheltering and adorning sympathy, and upon those flowers as speech of which the fragrance is eloquence.

A good deal may be done in that way. Perhaps in the poetic view all the ladies will see how they can receive the pretty offerings of the pretty men without committing themselves. Let them at least summon courage and try.

### MOUNT VERNON.

THE Mount Vernon fever is unabated. It rages more violently on every side. Tremendous festivals—fairs—concerts—theatrical *matinées*—orations—essays—books—public solicitation—private persuasion—the whole popular machinery is in motion, the loveliest ladies in the land turning the crank, and it will go hard but vast sums of money will be cast at the obdurate feet of Mr. John A. Washington—whose celebrity will be curious in his country's annals.

Of course all sensible and shrewd men will agree with Mr. Everett that Mr. Washington is not to be blamed for doing what every body else in the country does—that is, making the best bargain he can. Why should we all turn round upon one man—and he a poor one—and shout offensively, "Now, you Sir, are expected to be particularly patriotic, and give to your country the home of its greatest citizen."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" retorts Mr. John A. Washington. "You, Sir, merchant in Park Place or Broadway, are expected to be especially Christian, and give your goods to those who really need them."

Probably the Christian merchant will insist as a preliminary to his giving the goods, approved indorsed notes at eight months, and six if he can get it. As the Christianity, so the Patriotism.

A great country, reeking with enterprise and riches, insisting always that it is every man's duty to get thirty-six inches in the yard, is not a very impressive object when it tries to higgle with a man for a domain which it professes to consider priceless. The truth is, it is easy enough to arrange the matter. Let the country present Mr. John A. Washington, out of its profound reverence for his ancestor, a half million of dollars. Then let Mr. J. A. Washington, from pure patriotism, present Mount Vernon to his dear country.

This has been set forth in the first "Mount Vernon Paper." But the distinct question that remains for every American citizen to ponder is this: If it be shabby in Mr. Washington to ask three hundred thousand dollars for Mount Vernon, what is it in twenty millions of people to have to struggle so desperately to raise the money for such an object?

### A LECTURE-BUREAU.

NOT a chest of drawers in which to stow lectures, but an office to regulate lecture engagements and transact the multitudinous correspondence of the Lyceum.

It must come to that at last. It has even been proposed; and might work somewhat in this way: The lecturers who are most universally sought might say to all their correspondents, "We have given Mr. Richard Roe authority to arrange our engagements for this season." They have previously furnished Mr. Roe, we will suppose, with a memorandum stating what lectures they have—how far from home they will go—how often in the week they will lecture—how much they expect to be paid—at what times they must be able to return—and whatever other items may be necessary. Upon that basis Mr. Roe corresponds with all the Lyceums in the land, and makes a list which he submits to the lecturer, who thus finds his enormous and perplexing correspondence entirely annihilated, for he can have a printed form to return to every Lyceum that writes to him, referring it to Mr. Roe.

This can be done, evidently, only by consent and co-operation of the leading lecturers. It seems a very mechanical arrangement, and yet it need not disturb the agreeable personal relations which lecturers now enjoy with the committees when they meet. The object of the previous correspondence is merely to secure the lecturer: and it matters little whether that is done directly with him or with his agent.

Under what conditions such an agency will be arranged it is not easy to say; but the Lyceum is now so firmly established in the country and extends so rapidly, that something of the kind is becoming inevitable.

Let any member of a lecture committee, who reads this paragraph, only fancy what a luxury it would be to be sure of having some kind of a reply to letters addressed to the Reverend —— well, any body you choose.

### AN ENGLISH LORD UPON AMERICA.

SOME years since an amiable English gentleman, known as Lord Morpeth, made the tour of the United States. He was a mild, bland young man, and left a pleasant impression upon the society in which he mingled. Returning to his native land, he was conspicuous upon benevolent occasions—filled an office in a liberal Ministry—read well-meaning essays upon Pope's poetry to Mechanics' Institutes—became Earl of Carlisle by the death of his father—was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—traveled in the East, and published his "Diary"—and recently at a meeting of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society read a printed lecture upon his travels in America, and added to it some extemporaneous remarks upon the present aspect of this country.

In those remarks he states that his admiration of our public proceedings is not increased by what has happened since his visit, and that his favorable anticipations of our future are not very sanguine.

A mild gentleman, like the Earl of Carlisle, unexceptionable in every aspect of manners and morals, gives a certain weight to what he says by the mere fact of his amiable goodness. And yet there are probably very few sagacious observers in this country who do not feel that the future was never so promising for us as at this moment. For the permanence of every country depends upon its moral development, and probably our moral education was never more actively progressing than it is now. It is the difficulty with strangers at a distance that they can not understand the relative force of symptoms.

What, for instance, would the Earl of Carlisle have said if he had been followed by an American who had stated to the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society that the Crimean and Indian wars had paralyzed the prestige of England by revealing the blunders of her military system—that the most careful statistics showed the condition of the laboring classes in England to be deteriorating—and that Mr. Bright's position and the importance assigned to it, indicated a gradual ripening of the popular sentiment for essential reforms?

The Earl of Carlisle would justly have replied that recriminations proved nothing. But might the statement not have helped him to see how difficult it is to speak intelligently of other countries, since he unquestionably would have replied to the American that the facts he mentioned were more than balanced by other facts favorable to England?

That is precisely the answer made to his Lordship by the mind of every reflecting man who reads his Lordship's misgivings about America.

### THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"NEW ORLEANS, *December*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Rumor says we are to have 'the Princess' Piccolomini with us sometime this winter. You would greatly oblige a legion of your friends here by informing them what the *metropolitan* pronunciation of *that* name is. We have it here every thing from 'Pickled hominy' to Peekolomeeny. PROVINCIAL."

—The name Piccolomini is probably made up of *piccolo*, little; and *nomini* (pronounced *womini*), men: little men. The emphasis falls upon the third syllable, *lom*—Piccolomini. "Provincial" will find this confirmed in Coleridge's translation of Schiller's drama *The Piccolomini*, in which the rhythm of the blank verse requires the emphasis upon *lom*.

—RALPH ROWLAND, Newark, N. J., wishes to be supplied with the first twenty-one numbers of *Harper's Weekly*, and "how much would they cost?" Back numbers can be supplied from the beginning at five cents each. Thanks for his good wishes.

"*December*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Will you, through the columns of your *Weekly*, explain why a cup of water remains in a fluid state while in a vessel of water which becomes firmly frozen? AN INQUIRER."

—Did an INQUIRER ever hear of the famous problem proposed to the Academy in Paris, and long debated by the members—"Why a living fish put into a vessel of water full *to the brim would not make it overflow?*" It is probably for the same reason that the water in the cup does not freeze. If AN INQUIRER has never heard the answer, the Lounger will be very happy to tell it.

—JAMES FRESHMAN, of Boston, having noticed the question of James Oldschool about Female Hogs, is of opinion that Mr. O. has never taken the "metropolitan cars, in the afternoon between the hours of four and seven, and witnessed the means used by the 'little dears' to obtain a seat after they are occupied."

"The following dialogue happened in one of these cars within a week past, and may be conciliatory to the wounded feelings of Mr. O.:

"'Now, I do declare, Clara, there is not a single seat unoccupied!'

"'Never mind, Mary, go in; some gentleman will undoubtedly give up his to us.'

"Thereupon the twain enter, each with twenty yards more or less crinoline, sweeping their way to the head of the car, anxiously looking to find some gentleman with whom they may be acquainted, who *must* from courtesy rise and at least offer his seat. Failing in this, they commence conversation in a sufficiently audible voice to enable all in the car to hear.

"'Now, Clara, is it not too bad we should have to stand all the way out from town? I am so dreadful tired. I have been up and down Washington Street at least a dozen times this afternoon, and am completely worn out.'

"'Yes, Mary; they should put on more cars, or at least adopt some plan that *ladies* can be seated.'

"The conversation is here interrupted by a gentleman, who apparently has been on his feet since early morn, with, 'Madam, if you will accept my seat you are welcome to it;' whereupon Miss Clara bounces down into the seat, taking care to spread her dress to its utmost dimensions, not even condescending to thank the unlucky wight whose heart was too tender to permit a lady to stand after she has been gadding all the afternoon for pleasure.

"Another kind old gent on the other side takes similar compassion on her friend.

"'Now,' says Mr. JAMES FRESHMAN, 'if Mr. O. has been so fortunate as not to live in a community where the rule is, Ladies first and yourself afterward, a week or two's sojourn in this neighborhood will surely introduce him to as many of his so-styled "Female Hogs" as his inclination may wish, and of a much more voracious kind than he met at Springfield.'"

The Lounger certainly can not be accused of insensibility to this subject. How many times has he not exhorted ladies who are traveling to remember that, although a gentleman must be always a gentleman, it is just as incumbent upon a lady to be a lady. He does not agree with JAMES FRESHMAN, that it is "fortunate" for any man to live in a community where the rule is *not* "Ladies first and yourself afterward." But he should think it very unfortunate for any gentleman to be thrown into the society of women who were not ladies. And does any *lady* ever take a gentleman's seat without thanking him for it?

—DARBY, PA., replying to the Lounger's note to him in regard to printing as original what some one else had written, says:

"I have had but little connection with editors, but have, more than once, written editorials in the manner in which that one was sent to you; and hence I trust you will believe that I had no idea of dishonesty in doing as I did."

The Lounger was very far from charging deliberate dishonesty upon his correspondent. He stated that he could not print what was not his as if it were, and that DARBY, upon reflection, would doubtless agree with him.

—W. G. (who gives his name), writing from Greenville, Mississippi, says, that upon dealing with a large firm,

"I was introduced to one of the clerks in the house to have 'a drink,' and I soon found it was a standing custom to hire a person to do the drinking, and thus, while making himself very social, to keep the trade together. I merely make this observation, thinking it may be interesting to many of your readers. I can vouch for its correctness."

Such attentions are not altogether unknown in New York, although it is not always the same clerk who offers every kind of civility. The secret history of the dry-goods trade in New York would be a curious revelation.

The Lounger regrets that his constant engagements on the eastern side of the Mississippi prevent his accepting the following invitation which he received some time since:

GRAND BUFFALO HUNT.

LECOMPTON, K. T., 1858.

TO THE LOUNGER,—The Compliments of the Officers and Members of Company B, of the Arrapaho District, are extended to you, and your presence in *propriæ personæ* requested at Lecompton, K. T., on the —— —— next, properly armed and equipped (in accordance with the following order) for active service in the Southwestern portion of said Arrapaho District, for the purpose of, engaging in a

GRAND BUFFALO HUNT.

SAMUEL WALKER, *Captain*.
(Shawnee Chief.) JOHNNY LONGTAIL, *1st Lieut.*
HARD. PETRIKIN, *2d Lieut.*
(Delaware Chief.) SQUEENDEHTY, *3d Lieut.*
F. F. BRUNER, *Commissary*.
(Shawnee Indian.) DOCTOR GREY-EYES, *Surgeon*.

ATTENTION, COMPANY B!

*Of the Arrapaho District.*

You are ordered to meet at the rendezvous of the company—fully mounted and equipped for active service—on the —— —— next. Each member is ordered to provide himself with 21 days' rations, and general camp Equipage—1 Sharp's Rifle; 1 eight-inch Colt's Revolver; 1 Bowie-knife; 200 rounds rifle-ball cartridge; 200 rounds revolver cartridge, and 56 gills pure spirits in tin canteens.

Baggage-Wagons will be provided by the Commissary.

By Order of the Captain,
JONNY CAKE (Shawnee Chief),
*Orderly Sergeant and Interpreter*.

LECOMPTON, K. T., 1858.

PHILADELPHIA, *December*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Will you please tell me where I can find the inclosed lines, which I heard quoted in a speech, but the orator did not know where he had found them?

"'You must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
You must either serve or govern,
Must be slave or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge.'

"Truly yours,
"SUBSCRIBER."

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Friday, Dec.* 24, 1858.

The week which ends this day (to-morrow being Christmas) has been a dull one in commercial and financial circles. People generally seem disinclined to enter into new engagements, merchants, because they want to see how the spring trade will open, men of money, because they prefer to await the award of the new loan. Money is unchanged in value: loans are made on call at 4, and the best endorsed paper is done at the same rate, if it has less than 90 days to run: longer paper, same grade, at 5. Exchange on Europe is very firm at 109¼ for bankers' sterling, and 5.12½ @ 5.15 for francs.

Stocks have been dull throughout the week, and the Western Railroad shares—chiefly Illinois Central, Galena, and Rock Island—are lower. Until the earnings increase, a decline in the value of these shares must be expected.

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Friday, Dec.* 24, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were quiet during the week for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. Receipts, however, were light, and receivers manifested no disposition to force sales. Prices were essentially unchanged ....Cotton, Coffee, Molasses, Sugars, and Rice were in fair request at uniform rates....The movements in Provisions were extensive, and Hog Products favor sellers ....Fish, Hay, Hemp, Seeds, Naval Stores, and Oils were moderately dealt in....Tobacco and Wool were more sought after. Prices of the latter were on the advance....The Dry Goods trade has been devoid of animation, and is likely to continue so for a few weeks.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Unsound State Flour, per bbl. | $3 70 | @ | $4 20 |
| Superfine to extra State, per barrel | 4 25 | @ | 5 25 |
| Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel | 4 40 | @ | 5 00 |
| Extra Western, per barrel | 5 00 | @ | 8 50 |
| Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel | 5 30 | @ | 7 75 |
| Extra Canadian, per barrel | 5 25 | @ | 6 30 |
| Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel | 4 75 | @ | 8 75 |
| Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. | 3 25 | @ | 4 10 |
| Corn Meal, per barrel | 3 40 | @ | 4 00 |
| White Wheat, per bushel | 1 18 | @ | 1 50 |
| Red Wheat, per bushel | 66 | @ | 1 28 |
| Mixed Western Corn, per bushel | 75 | @ | 76½ |
| Rye, per bushel | 77 | @ | 78 |
| Barley, per bushel | 70 | @ | 92½ |
| Western Oats, per bushel | 54 | @ | 56 |
| State Oats, per bushel | 48 | @ | 51 |
| Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel | 45 | @ | 48 |
| Southern Oats, per bushel | 43 | @ | 45 |
| Cotton, middlings, per pound | 12 | @ | 12½ |
| Mess Pork, per barrel | 17 50 | @ | 18 12½ |
| Prime Pork, per barrel | 13 75 | @ | — |
| Country Mess Beef, per barrel | 7 50 | @ | 9 00 |
| Cut Meats, per pound | 6½ | @ | 9½ |
| Lard, per pound | 11½ | @ | 11¾ |
| State Butter, per pound | 16 | @ | 26 |
| Western Butter, per pound | 12 | @ | 19 |
| Cheese, per pound | 8½ | @ | 9½ |
| Rice, per 100 pounds | 2 75 | @ | 3 87 |
| Rio Coffee, per pound | 9½ | @ | 12 |
| Cuba Sugar, per pound | 5½ | @ | 7½ |
| Cuba Molasses, per gallon | 20 | @ | 27 |
| New Orleans Sugar, per pound | 6 | @ | 8 |
| New Orleans Molasses, per gallon | 25½ | @ | 36 |
| Hyson Teas, per pound | 26 | @ | 55 |
| Oolong Teas, per pound | 25 | @ | 55 |
| Domestic Whisky, per gallon | — | @ | 25½ |
| Hops, new, per pound | 10 | @ | 17 |
| Hops, per pound, 1857 | 4 | @ | 7 |
| Hay, per 100 pounds | 60 | @ | 80 |
| Tallow, per pound | 10½ | @ | — |
| Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds | 3 62½ | @ | 3 75 |
| Spirits Turpentine, per gallon | 48½ | @ | 49 |
| Tar, per barrel | 2 25 | @ | 2 75 |
| Common Rosin, per 310 pounds | 1 50 | @ | — |
| Linseed Oil, per gallon | 62 | @ | 64 |
| Kentucky Tobacco, per pound | 6 | @ | 14 |
| Seed Leaf Tobacco | 6 | @ | 25 |
| American Fleece Wool, per pound | 36 | @ | 56 |
| " Pulled Wool | 32½ | @ | 45 |

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, the demand for which was good....Milch Cows were sparingly sought after....Veal Calves were scarce and dearer....Sheep and Lambs were in light supply, and held higher, but were not very active.... Swine were in fair request....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

| | Week ending *Dec.* 15. | Week ending *Dec.* 22. |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves | 3,096 | 3,332 |
| Milch Cows | 125 | 157 |
| Veal Calves | 448 | 327 |
| Sheep and Lambs | 6,797 | 8,497 |
| Swine | 16,822 | 14,304 |

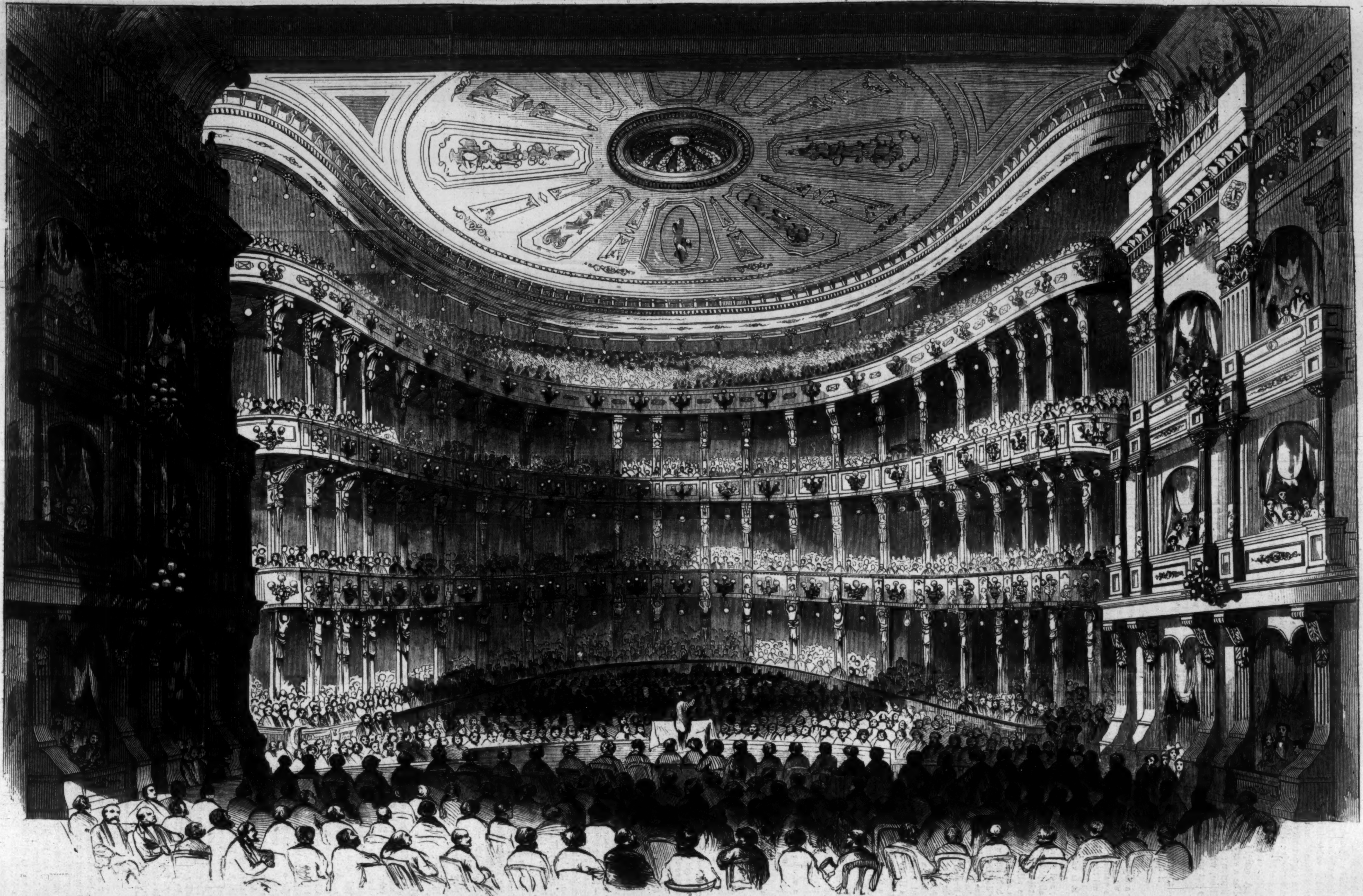
The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Poor to premium Beeves, per pound | $ 6½ | @ | $ 12 |
| Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head, | 25 00 | @ | 65 00 |
| Veal Calves, per pound | 4½ | @ | 7 |
| Sheep and Lambs, per head | 2 25 | @ | 6 00 |
| " " per pound | 7 | @ | 12½ |
| Live Swine, per pound | 5½ | @ | 6½ |
| Dressed " " | 6½ | @ | 7½ |
| Roasting Pigs, each | 1 00 | @ | 2 00 |

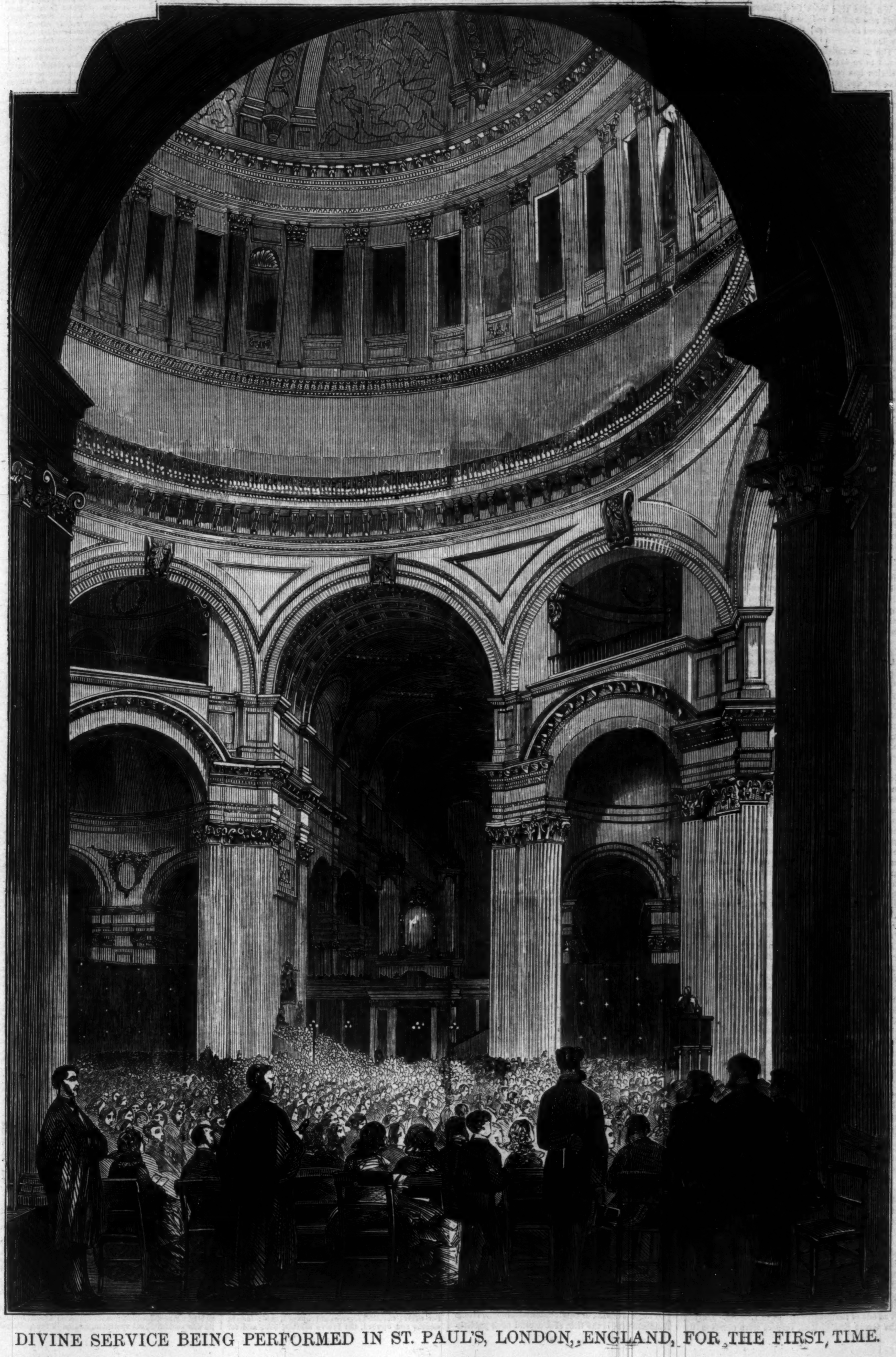
The Country Produce Markets were more active for Poultry, but rather quiet for most other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, new, per barrel | $2 00 | @ | $5 00 |
| Grapes, per pound | 12 | @ | 18 |
| Chestnuts, per bushel | 3 00 | @ | 3 75 |
| Hickory Nuts, per bushel | 2 00 | @ | 2 25 |
| Peanuts, per bushel | 1 60 | @ | 1 70 |
| Beans, per bushel | 1 15 | @ | 1 75 |
| Potatoes, per barrel | 75 | @ | 2 25 |
| Potatoes, sweet, per barrel | 2 50 | @ | 4 00 |
| Onions, per barrel | 2 00 | @ | 3 25 |
| Turnips, per barrel | 62 | @ | 87 |
| Beets, per barrel | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Carrots, per barrel | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Cabbage, per 100 | 2 00 | @ | 5 00 |
| Parsnips, per barrel | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Cranberries, per barrel | 7 00 | @ | 16 00 |
| Pumpkins, per 100 | 6 00 | @ | 10 00 |
| Celery, table, per dozen bunches | 75 | @ | 1 00 |
| Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches | 15 | @ | 20 |
| Garlic, per 100 bunches | 4 00 | @ | 5 00 |
| Cauliflowers, per 100 | 2 50 | @ | 5 00 |
| Parsley, per 100 bunches | 1 25 | @ | 2 00 |
| Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen | 24 | @ | 25 |
| Eggs, Western, per dozen | 21 | @ | 23 |
| Chickens, per pair | 40 | @ | 62½ |
| Fowls, per pound | 7 | @ | 10 |
| Fowls, per pair | 40 | @ | 70 |
| Geese, per pound | 8 | @ | 13 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 9 | @ | 13 |
| Wild Turkeys, each | 2 00 | @ | 3 00 |
| Ducks, per pound | 11 | @ | 14 |
| " black, per pair | 37 | @ | 50 |
| " widgeon, per pair | 37 | @ | 50 |
| " wood, per pair | 37 | @ | 50 |
| Pigeons, per dozen | 1 50 | @ | — |
| Woodcock, per dozen | 3 00 | @ | 3 50 |
| Partridge, per pair | 56 | @ | 68 |
| Snipe, Brant, per dozen | 62 | @ | 75 |
| Plover, per dozen | 1 75 | @ | 2 00 |
| Rabbits, per pair | 25 | @ | 37 |
| Squirrels, each | 3 | @ | 5 |
| Venison, per pound | 7 | @ | 10 |
| Bear's Meat, per pound | 10 | @ | 12 |



DIVINE SERVICE BEING HELD IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT NEW YORK ON SUNDAY EVENINGS.



DIVINE SERVICE BEING PERFORMED IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON, ENGLAND, FOR THE FIRST TIME.

## PREACHING IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, AND IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

WE give this week two illustrations—one the most remarkable religious assembly perhaps ever convened in America; the other, a similar scene in England.

The great religious movement of the year 1858 is not to be overlooked by the man of the world. Religion has been and will be the pioneer of civilization, and at this moment is the mightiest instrument in filling the lands of barbarism with knowledge and social happiness.

This moral awakening that has pervaded our own and other cities during the past year, has arrested the attention of thoughtful men in all parts of the world.

A few weeks ago it was proposed by some benevolent gentlemen in this city to open the Academy of Music for religious worship. This edifice stands on the corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square, in the heart of the population of New York. It is the most spacious and magnificent building in the United States, seating more than four thousand people, and in its decorations is not excelled by the most splendid opera-houses in the Old World.

To take a lease of such a building was a bold conception. Would the people come to hear preaching in a theatre? Would they come in sufficient numbers to fill the house? How would the funds be raised to defray the enormous expenses of such an undertaking? But, more than all, would the pastors of the city, in addition to their usual labors, give their services to sustain these meetings every Sunday night? It was a great experiment. The house was hired for six nights. It was opened on the evening of November 21, 1858, in the midst of a tremendous storm of rain, hail, and snow. In spite of the weather an audience of three or four thousand people were in the Academy before the hour for service to begin. The Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., of the Old School Presbyterian Church, preached the sermon. It was powerful and persuasive, and made a deep impression. The next Sabbath evening it stormed again, and as large an audience assembled, when the Rev. William Adams, D.D., of the New School Presbyterian Church, preached a graphic and startling sermon, which was heard with the deepest interest. Again, on the third Sabbath, the weather was unfavorable, but not so bad as before, and the vast building was thronged in every seat, passage, aisle, and corridor; and thousands made vain attempts to get in. Rev. Dr. Bethune, of the Reformed Dutch Church, preached a sermon of great eloquence and power. On the 12th of December the Rev. Dr. Durbin, of the Methodist Church, delivered a stirring and powerful discourse to an immense audience; and on the 19th, Rev. Dr. Hague, of the Baptist Church, occupied the temporary pulpit. The same crowding assemblies filled the building each successive night, and will continue to do so.

Among the crowds we noticed a great many of the class for whom the idea was especially designed. One gentleman near us, of remarkably intelligent appearance, had evidently not sufficient experience in church-going to know that they sang hymns, for he asked an explanation of the printed hymns in the most *naive* style; and was intensely astonished at the performance when the audience sang, with one voice, a grand old psalm. The congregational music, led by a precentor on the platform, is one of the features of the meetings, and a grand feature.

In this immense crowd, filling the sweeping circles of the great hall, the mind of one who stands on the stage, and looks up to the tiers on tiers of heads, can not fail to turn rapidly from the scene, from the thousands who hang on the lips of the speaker who dispenses the words of truth, to those remote ages when, in such theatres, crowds gathered even so to look on the pains and passions of martyrs in the area—holy men, whose blood cried from the ground to the insane mobs of fair women and blood-thirsty men that gazed on their sufferings.

The success of the experiment has been abundant. It can not fail to do vast good. It may be—why should it not be?—the first step in a great moral and religious reformation in our city. If Presbyterians and Methodists and Baptists and Congregationalists can thus unite in preaching the truth, what is to forbid hereafter a closer union among Christians of all denominations in the great work in which all are engaged? We hope great things from these Academy of Music meetings; and we know no subject of illustration for our columns more worthy of preservation. This is one of the great movements of the age.

It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that a religious demonstration of this vast character should meet with sneers or open opposition from men of the world; and hence the circulation of statements that the collections taken up are more than the expenses, and that the meetings are money-making. This is wholly erroneous. The collection has in no instance paid the evening's expenses, and it has frequently been less than one half of the cost. The large deficiency is made up from the private purses of certain distinguished Christian philanthropists; and it is the intention of these gentlemen to keep the house open for preaching every Sunday evening this winter.

The peculiarity of the corresponding religious service at St. Paul's, in London, is, that though that edifice has for two centuries been the greatest church in England, divine service had never been performed there until the occasion which we now illustrate. Service has from time to time—with some regularity, we believe, lately—been performed in the choir; it has been described as "a little faint tinkling going on at the extremity of a remote corner of the building, or coming from a subterranean vault." Of course no one ever attended. People went to St. Paul's when Nelson and Wellington were buried; and strangers went to see it as one of the great wonders of London. During the Great Exhibitions, vespers were occasionally sung there. But as a "house of God" St. Paul's has never been practically used until within the past month. A few weeks ago some prominent members of the Church of England proposed, as a novelty, to turn to good account the grand cathedrals of the British metropolis, and St. Paul's was selected as the site of the first experiment. It was perfectly successful. In the language of a reporter who was present,

> "Not half the throng round the western entrance of the church-yard could be admitted. By six o'clock the upper part of Ludgate Hill was blocked up by a mass of disappointed expectants; for the cathedral was even then full to the utmost number the seats provided (about 3000) would accommodate. According to a very wholesome regulation, the doors were closed as soon as all the seats were appropriated; but this closing of the doors gave great offense to many among the excluded crowd. The congregation was by no means a fashionable one. It consisted mainly of the lower middle classes and of working men. Few women were present, comparatively speaking.
>
> "The choir, greatly augmented for the occasion, numbered 500 voices, divided into 200 trebles and altos, 150 tenors, and 150 basses. So immense is the space, that even this great body of sound was not more than sufficient to fill it. The congregation joined in the Old Hundredth Psalm, which was sung after the third Collect, and it was the grandest and most effective piece of the musical portion of the service.
>
> "The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, on the 7th verse of the 1st chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians: 'Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' His discourse lasted nearly an hour, and was delivered without any assistance from notes. The service concluded with the 104th Psalm, in which the whole congregation again joined."

## THE OLD YEAR IS DYING.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

I.

DEAR friends, a year is going down
  The stairs that lead to death:
His white shroud trails along the ground—
  Frore white and faint his breath.

II.

I wade the snowy hill, and wait
  To watch the sunset, while
It lights his cold and pallid face
  With one calm, dying smile.

III.

Old year! of Time thou art the gem
  Eternity hath won;
Thy white brow bears the diadem
  Of duty nobly done.

IV.

How much of Truth hast thou redeemed
  From Error's dark domain!
How hath the earth with blessings teemed
  To teach and entertain!

V.

This year God called my sister dear,
  And clasped her pure, white hand;
But I will bless it as the year
  She joined the angel band!

VI.

Along the galleries of the wood
  The gusts of winter blow;
And tales that tell of solitude
  Float o'er the realms of snow.

VII.

The kindling stars look from the skies
  Upon our weary lot,
Like kind and tear-bright angel eyes
  Of friends we have forgot.

VIII.

Pale fingers weave thy winding-sheet,
  Old year! too soon thy knell
The moments fetch with flying feet—
  The clock strikes one!—Farewell!

## LITERARY.

THE HON. JOSEPH HOWE is better known in Canada and Nova Scotia than in the States, but he is far from being unknown among us, especially by those who took an interest in the progress of freedom and free principles in Canada twenty years ago. Two volumes of his SPEECHES AND PUBLIC LETTERS, published by Jewett & Co., Boston, will be received as one of the most valuable contributions to historical literature, especially relating to North American colonial history during the past quarter of a century. Mr. Howe was the son of a printer, and himself a practical printer in his father's office, at Halifax, during his boyhood. He succeeded to the proprietorship of a newspaper, and in that business became prominent in politics. But it was not till Halifax got to be very much as New York is now—intolerable on account of the rascality of its officials—that Mr. Howe came before the public as an orator. He charged the magistracy with peculation and other high crimes and misdemeanors, was indicted and brought to trial, defended himself in a brilliant speech, and was triumphantly acquitted and carried home on the shoulders of a shouting populace. On reading this first speech of Mr. Howe we can not avoid the wish that he could try his Junius-like powers in this sink of official iniquity. This was the commencement of a career that has been eminently distinguished, and of which the prominent successes are preserved in these pages. As a record of parliamentary eloquence, and of keen political foresight in general, we presume no book can be found more interesting and instructive. It is especially to be commended to Canadian circulation, where the reputation of the distinguished author is as wide as the country.

THE SOCIABLE, or One Thousand and One Home Amusements, is the title of a capital book published by Dick & Fitzgerald, which gives to the young people what they are always wanting—new games for the parlor, and instructions how to play them, with acting proverbs, charades, puzzles, and all sorts of time-killing employments for winter evenings and summer resorts. We know some small folks that will make much of this book.

VOICES FROM THE SILENT LAND, is a collection of selected poems and prose extracts, relating chiefly to the future life. It will find many welcomes among the afflicted, who abound in all homes and houses. (Published by Jewett & Co.)

Jewett & Co. also publish two small volumes. The first is a well-arranged history of the STRUGGLES OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS, carefully written by one who understands his subject, giving a sketch of the martyrdoms through which so many achieved salvation in the first years of the Christian era. The book is introduced by Rev. Dr. Huntington. The second is THE PERSIAN FLOWER; a Memoir of Judith Grant Perkins, of Oroomiah, Persia, who was a daughter of Dr. Justin Perkins, the first Misssionary to the Nestorians. This is a new edition of a very interesting and popular biography, which is, in fact, a touching account of Missionary life.

We have a delicious little book from Ticknor & Fields, unimpeachable in beauty of paper and typography, for CHRISTMAS HOURS, which is its title. Nor do the contents belie the external promise. It is a quiet, gentle, and graceful story, that reaches the heart, with lessons for Christmas times.

Sheldon & Blakeman publish BLIND BARTIMEUS, by Rev. W. J. Hoge, of Virginia, one of the most eloquent clergymen in America. The book contains a series of lessons to be learned from the story of the blind man healed by Christ. These lessons the author delivered in the form of sermons, but they make none the less a book of rare eloquence and interest.

The same house (Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.) publish another book by another Virginia clergyman. THE LIVING EPISTLE, by Rev. Cornelius Tyree, is a series of chapters on the development of Christian life, and the duty of Christians to seek advancement in character, as well as to show the world whose and what they are. The author's style is clear, forcible, and attractive, and the book abounds in truths simply and strongly enforced.

From Ticknor & Fields we have THORNDALE, OR THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS—a book about which much has been said of many sorts. The author is supposed to be one Thorndale, an Englishman, who dying by inches, of consumption, at Naples, writes from day to day in a journal, or rather in a blank book, all kinds of philosophical speculations, whims, sense and nonsense, mingled with personal reminiscences that are really exquisite pictures sometimes; and at length his friend Clarence, a hopeful philosopher, or a philosopher of Hope, comes along and fills the remaining pages with the Confession of Faith of a Utopian. The book is a strange medley; yet for a thoughtful man is not unreadable, little by little, now a little and then a little. But to read it deliberately, or to pronounce an opinion (that is an opinion) on it within three months after getting the book is morally impossible.

We have received from M. W. Dodd Dr. Spring's two sermons, one the last preached in the Old Brick Church, the other the first preached in the new church. They contain valuable historical matter, and are interesting documents. By-the-way, the Mosque of Omar does not stand on Mount Zion, as Dr. Spring, in common with many other clergymen, appears to think, but does stand on Mount Moriah.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### POLITICAL.

#### CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 20th, in the Senate, after the presentation of several memorials, the Senate voted to adjourn over from the 23d inst. to the 4th of January, for the holidays. A bill was introduced by Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Territories, to organize the Territory of Dacotah. Mr. Crittenden gave notice that he would call up the French Spoliation Bill on the 6th of January. The Pacific Railroad Bill then came up as the order of the day, and occupied attention until the adjournment. A substitute was offered by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, leaving the selection of the route to two engineers to be appointed by the President. Mr. Polk's amendment relative to the location of the road was voted down. An amendment, offered by Mr. Foster, of Maine, that the road should be built exclusively of American iron, elicited a lengthy discussion, but was finally carried by yeas, 25; nays, 23. Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, then spoke at length in advocacy of his Pacific Railroad Bill, introduced last week.——In the House, the Committee on Ways and Means, on motion of Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, were instructed to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation for the eighth census. The bill granting pensions to soldiers of the War of 1812 was considered in Committee of the Whole, but without any conclusion. Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of his intention to introduce a Tariff Bill. The Secretary of the Treasury was requested, on motion of Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, to furnish a statement of the value of the imports and exports between the United States and Great Britain and France for the years 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, and 1857. The House agreed to the Senate's resolution to adjourn over for the holidays.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, December 21, the Bill for the Improvement of the St. Clair Flats was passed by 29 to 22. The Pacific Railroad question was taken up and debated by Senators Seward, Ward, and Wilson. Resolutions were adopted calling for correspondence between Commodore Paulding and the Government of Nicaragua; inquiring whether any land can be had in New York harbor for revenue purposes; inquiring respecting the rights of British subjects in Oregon. The new Senate Chamber was reported as likely to be ready for occupation on 4th January. A bill was passed advancing $2500 to Hiram Powers for sculpture.——In the House, permission was denied to Mr. Kellogg to introduce a resolution directing the Committee on Territories to report a bill for the election of Territorial officers by the people, etc. A bill was introduced by Mr. Cavanagh for the organization of Dacotah. The Pension Bill was taken up, and several amendments proposed, discussed, and voted upon. An amendment of Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, was finally agreed to. This gives pensions to all who served sixty days or more, or were engaged in the actual war of 1812 or during that period. The benefits of the act are extended to the Marine Corps. In the event of the death of a pensioner, his widow is to receive the pension during her natural life. The pensions are graduated as follows: For twelve months' service and upward, $96; for six months and upward, not twelve months, $75; and for sixty days and upward, not exceeding six months, $50 per annum.

On Wednesday, 22d, in the Senate, petitions praying for protection to American industry were presented by Senators Seward and Cameron. Senator Seward introduced a Bill for the Removal of the United States Warehouses from Staten Island. Senator Clay submitted a resolution calling for the correspondence which led to a rupture of diplomatic intercourse between this country and Mexico. Senator Hunter submitted a resolution inquiring what changes in the law are required to render the Post-Office self-sustaining. Senator Mallory moved, and the Senate adopted, a resolution permitting certain officers of the Navy to accept medals from the British Government. Senator Wilson introduced a bill granting 1,000,000 acres of land in aid of schools in the District of Columbia.——In the House, the Pension Bill for the soldiers of 1812 was passed by 130 to 73. The House went into Committee on the Invalid Pension Appropriation Bill, and various speeches were made by Messrs. Giddings, Lovejoy, Phelps, Comins, Taylor, Morris, and Washburne (of Illinois). The Invalid Pension Bill was then passed. Mr. Morris gave notice of a bill to lay additional duties on imports. Mr. Davis asked, but did not obtain, leave to introduce a resolution authorizing the President to take possession of Cuba until our disputes with Spain are settled.

On Thursday, in the Senate, a bill was introduced by Senator Crittenden to regulate the election of United States Senators. Senator Stuart brought up the Agricultural College Bill, which passed the House in April last; but the Senate refused to take it up by 28 to 20. A pension of $30 a month was granted to the widow of Colonel Turnbull, by 26 to 28, after remarks by Senators Davis and Houston.——In the House, a bill altering the tariff was introduced by Mr. Comins, and referred. Messrs. Ritchie and Morris tried, unsuccessfully, to introduce protective resolutions. Various resolutions were introduced, among others one to repeal the Act debasing the silver coinage; and a large number of bills were introduced and referred, among others, one by Mr. Lester to authorize the people of the Territories to elect all their officers; another by Mr. Bingham to repeal the English Kansas Act; another by Mr. Morris to admit sugar and salt free of duty; a Homestead Bill by Mr. Ferguson, etc. Both Houses adjourned to 4th January.

#### THE SENATE OPENED BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

The Catholic priest who opened the Senate with prayer on 23d was Father Boyle, of St. Patrick's Church, this city. The Senate was full of priests in the dress of surplice and cassock. It is the first occasion since the foundation of the Government that the entire vestments of the Romish clergy have been seen in either chamber. The Reverend Father read from the breviary Bishop Carroll's prayer for those in authority. The Chamber happened to be crowded, and much interest and curiosity was manifested, with every appearance of devotion in the Senators and spectators.

#### NEW INDIANA SENATORS.

The Indiana Legislature have chosen Harry S. Lane and William M. M'Carty, Republicans, United States Senators. They will contest the claim of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, Democrats, to the seats they now hold.

#### RESTORATION OF DROPPED OFFICERS.

The President has nominated to the Senate, in Executive Session, thirty-five out of the fifty-eight cases of officers retired by the Naval Board, referred to him for his decision. The President, in making the nominations, took occasion to express his regret that Commodore Stewart was not one of the number, but, inasmuch as that officer did not submit his case to the Courts of Inquiry, he did not come within the action of the law under which the nominations were made. A resolution, however, in favor of the Commodore's restoration, was introduced by Mr. Hale.

#### THE "WANDERER" CASE.

The Savannah *Republican* says: "The Government has instituted energetic measures for the vindication of the laws in this case. It has employed Judge Henry R. Jackson as associate counsel, who, with its very efficient District Attorney, is now engaged in a vigorous prosecution of the investigation.

"The judicial investigation of the case commenced on Saturday last before Judge Charles J. Henry, United States Commissioner. The prisoners, Brown, Rajesta, and Agnirvi, who were arrested some days ago as part of the crew of the *Wanderer*, or such other vessel as may have brought over the slaves, were brought up for examination. Messrs. Ganahl, District Attorney, and Henry R. Jackson, Esq., appeared for the prosecution, and Messrs. Lloyd and Owens for the defendants. But two witnesses were examined—Dr. Hazlehurst, of Brunswick, and Collector Mabry, of the port of Darien. Our reporter was present during the examination, but it has been deemed by others most prudent not to publish the testimony at present. We may briefly state that Dr. H. swore that he had been sent to make a professional visit to the negroes while they were encamped on Jeckyl Island; that he saw them; that they appeared to be Africans of fresh importation, being wholly unable to speak or comprehend the English language.

"After the testimony was received the prisoners were remanded to jail to await a further examination. A large number of witnesses have been subpenaed at various points along the coast, and in the interior, and the proceedings are likely to occupy the Commissioner, from time to time, for several weeks to come.

"It is now pretty generally believed that the *Wanderer*, which is a very small vessel, brought over no slaves, but was simply a consort or decoy on the passage, and was used for landing the cargo from the main ship, which remained out at sea, and was scuttled as soon as her freight was discharged."

#### EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.

We read in the Cincinnati *Gazette:* "One of the most painful scenes which has ever come within our experience was witnessed at the execution of Albert Myers for the murder of Bartlett Neville (both formerly convicts in the Penitentiary) at Columbus. It was one of those scenes which serves for the remembrance of a lifetime, and which no newspaper description can paint with the same coloring with which it struck the mind of the spectator.

"On the 29th of May last, Myers, who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for horse-stealing in Clark county, without any apparent cause seized an axe that happened to be lying in the yard and literally beat out the brains of his fellow-convict Neville, who was under a three years' sentence for horse-stealing in Athens county. Myers was convicted in September, 1857, and Neville in September, 1858.

"From the time of the commission of the murder, Myers exhibited the utmost indifference as to his fate, frequently telling those who called upon him to '*hang him and be d—d;*' adding, with an air of determined bravado, '*I'll fill the entire bill full!*'

"The ministers of the gospel who offered him the consolations of religion he spurned from his cell with oaths that shocked the strongest nerves, or would tell them, as on one occasion, 'If you want to pray, *pitch in, and pray like h—ll!*'

"He expressed himself entirely ready to meet his fate—said he would be hung 'without a murmur or a groan'—and even assisted in adjusting the white shroud about his person with an air of *sang froid* that was probably never before surpassed on any similar occasion.

#### THE ROPE.

"The fatal rope was then placed around his neck, and he stepped forth from his cell, and ascended the stairs to the main hall of the jail with a light free step, as though he was, in fact, going to a festival rather than the tomb.

"Myers ascended the steps, twelve in number, to the platform without assistance or showing the least feeling. When the Sheriff and his Deputy led the condemned forward upon the fatal drop, and as the former ascended to fasten the rope to the beam, Myers took hold of the rope, and addressing the twenty or thirty persons in the yard below him, remarked, in a light, jocose way, 'If I can hold on to this I think I can save myself yet!'

"Not a muscle of his features moved, and his eye glared as brightly and steadily upon the upturned faces as though he was an indifferent spectator, instead of the principal actor in the painful scene. While the Sheriff was still engaged in adjusting the rope, Myers again addressed the crowd as follows:

"'You can hang me when every thing is clear. I wish you all a safe journey sometime through the wilderness, by J—s Ch—st!'

"The tone and manner and language of the hardened criminal caused a shudder of horror among the spectators.

"He threw an apple and an orange to the ground below, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, 'Pick them up, you G—d d—d rascals.' And with the most stoical indifference he continued to gaze with unflinching eye upon those below him.

### THE LAST SCENE.

"At the conclusion of the prayer the prisoner exhibited the only emotion which had been discovered throughout the solemn preparations thus far, and that was but light. He said:

"'I had no correct idea of when I was to be hung. I have no chance to reflect. I would like the privilege of two weeks longer to reflect. I had no lawyer, or any body else, to do any thing for me. If I can have that time I can do something for myself. If not, I suppose I must go.'

"At the conclusion of his remarks the Sheriff removed the hat from the head of Myers, and placed the white cap over his face, when Rev. Mr. Warner asked:

"'Myers, do you die in the faith of Jesus Christ?'

"He replied, 'I have nothing to say to you.'

"After waiting a minute, at half past twelve o'clock the Sheriff gave the lever a slight jerk, the springs supporting the drop gave way, and the body fell nearly five feet.

"Myers was about thirty-five years of age, five feet four or five inches high, and weighed, perhaps, one hundred and thirty-five pounds. From some cause his hair seemed to have grown prematurely gray, which gave him the appearance of being much older than he really was."

### AN UNNATURAL FATHER.

The Boston *Traveller* gives entire the will of Augustus Thorndyke, who left an estate of about half a million dollars. It has before been briefly stated that a daughter of deceased offended her father by marrying against his will, she being at the time twenty-seven, and ever since he has evinced his hostility to this daughter, repulsing her from his bedside on the occasion of his last sickness. This will—of great length, and in the handwriting of the deceased—has the deliberate design exhibited in every page, and in almost every paragraph, to cut off this child from any participation in his accumulated wealth. It is absolutely terrifying to observe the careful malignity with which, throughout the document, he provides for the carrying out of his demoniacal purpose.

The mother is forbidden to give aid to the child of her love; the brothers and sisters are debarred from the exercise of their fraternal affection; all who are named in the will are subject to the same penalties. Old Harvard has a donation of twenty thousand dollars for a Professorship of Music, but with like provisions if a copper should go to aid the proscribed couple or their children. A pittance of four hundred dollars per annum, to save the law, is alone awarded to the discarded ones. His wife is liberally provided for, but only on condition that she remain a widow. A pew is left to her in Trinity Church, but with liberty to sell it and purchase in any other church, if she may desire it. On that point a liberality is apparent not manifest in other portions of the will.

The wife of the deceased is now absent from the country. She is, however, upon her return from Europe, and upon her arrival the question of probate will be decided.

### HOW A STORE-KEEPER WAS CHEATED.

A "lady" was detected a few days since in Cincinnati, Ohio, in pocketing a package of gloves in a store. When charged with the theft she burst into tears and tendered a $20 bill in payment. The merchant took but $5 and gave her $15 change, but on counting the cash at night that $20 bill was found to be a counterfeit. "Phancy the phelinks" of that store-keeper.

### PERSONAL.

Ex-President Pierce proposes to pass the winter at Naples and the island of Capri, and in the spring to visit Rome. Mrs. Pierce is still an invalid.

Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, has made the following protest against being taxed without being represented:

"To FREDERICK U. TRACY, *Treasurer, and the Assessors and other Authorities of the city of Boston, and the Citizens generally, and the Legislature in particular:*

"Every year since 1852 I have, on payment of my taxes, protested against the injustice of governing woman without her 'consent,' of compelling her to submit to 'taxation without representation,' and I again repeat my protest.

"The position of woman in our republic will yet be presented before our courts, and this of *compulsory* taxation must be met.

"When our fathers protested against the enforcement of the Stamp Act, they were answered by Great Britain that they were virtually represented. What was their historic reply? Woman *protests* now against the *like* injustice, and received a *like* answer. History will record her triumph also, for the principles of the *two* protests are identical, and the victory of the *one* is prophetic of the *other*.

"All which is respectfully submitted,

"HARRIET K. HUNT.

"No. 32 GREEN STREET, BOSTON, *December* 6, 1858."

It is reported that Mr. Mowbray Morris, general manager of the London *Times*, was recently twice flogged in London, by a Mr. Capron, who charged him with improper attentions to his wife.

The St. Paul *Pioneer* of the 7th ultimo says: "The rumor that Lords Grosvenor, Cavendish, and Mr. Ashley, who went hunting in the Red River Valley, were killed by Indians, is not true. It is not their throats, but their eye-teeth which have been cut by the natives. The last we heard of them they were paying one hundred dollars each for Red River carts, which were worth about five, and were plunging into a wild career of speculation in broken-down Red River horses."

Senator Douglas was very kindly received at Havana, on his recent landing there from the *Black Warrior*. The Cuban officials, under the lead of Colonel Ortenback, escorted him and his family on shore in the State barge. They intended to remain in Havana a week.

The Count de Gurowski having stated in the *Evening Post* that M. Alexander Herzen, the well-known writer on Russian subjects, had sold his serfs and was living on the proceeds, that gentleman publicly pronounces the statement a calumnious falsehood. Were the Atlantic Ocean not between them a duel would probably be the result.

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# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

AT latest accounts, we hear that a general meeting of the shareholders of the Atlantic Telegraph was called for the 15th December, to consider the condition of affairs. A petition was in circulation calling on the Government to give a guaranty on the new capital necessary to prosecute the enterprise. Lord Derby acknowledges the receipt of a memorial praying for Government aid to the Atlantic Telegraph, and promises to lay it before the Commissioner of the Treasury. The question in regard to the Atlantic cable will be decided in a few days, and it is thought that the Government will guarantee a new capital. If so, a contract for a new cable will immediately be made.

### LORD CARLISLE ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

The other evening the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle read his printed lecture on his "Travels in America" before the members of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society. In acknowledging the vote of thanks which was accorded him at the close, his lordship said: "Now that I am not speaking from the book or from the printed page, but to living men and women, and in reference to the actual hour, I must permit myself to say that almost every thing that I have heard or read concerning the United States since the period of my visit has not, on the whole, tended to an increase of my admiration of their public proceedings, or to more favorable and sanguine anticipations of their coming destiny. On the contrary, I can not but feel that many of the failures and drawbacks at which I ventured to hint have come out, as time wears on, with greater frequency and with deeper shade. The bickering animosity of classes; the jealousy and hatred of the respective geographical divisions; the spirit of political self-seeking and corruption; the looseness and dishonesty of commercial operations; the high-handed ruffianism of the outlying districts; the lust of territorial aggrandizement; the disinclination of the more polished, refined, and upright portion of the citizens to take any prominent part in public affairs; the absence of fair play in the deliberations of the Congress, and of dignity and independence on the judicial bench; but above all, the intensity and ferocity which gather round every face on the portentous question of slavery, appear to me to have assumed more terrifying, increasing, and menacing proportions. In such a state of things I certainly can not feel more inclined to see my own countrymen exchange the form of government, the institutions, or the frame of society which they possess for those of the great American republic."

### DICKENS'S DEFEAT AT GLASGOW.

At the late election of a lord rector of the University of Glasgow some students put Mr. Dickens in nomination. He received a very small vote indeed; and the Glasgow *Morning Journal* says that it has seen a letter from Mr. Charles Dickens, in which he repudiates strongly his nomination to the lord rectorship, and says that the movement of a section of the students was not only without his sanction, but was expressedly opposed by him.

### HEALTH OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.

The following communication, addressed to Mr. Archibald, H. B. M.'s Consul at this port, has been recently received:

"ROSLIN HOUSE, GREAT MALVERN, *Oct.* 4, 1858.

"SIR,—Though several months have elapsed since the date of your kind communication to my niece, Miss Florence Nightingale, it is not very many days since it reached her hands.

"I regret to say that her health and strength are so extremely reduced that, although she continues to devote to her great object, the amelioration both of the *Sanitary* and sanitory arrangements for the British army, more time and exertion than is consistent with her recovery, it is impossible for her to task herself further, and she is accordingly obliged to request me to acknowledge the gratifying compliment paid her, through yourself, by the St. George's Society of New York.

"Will you, Sir, have the goodness to express to the members of the Society Miss Nightingale's gratitude for this testimonial of their regard; and also to the author of the excellent discourse transmitted to her (a valued pupil and friend, as I find, of Bishop Potter) the pleasure she has derived from its perusal. I have the honor to be, etc.,

SAMUEL SMITHE."

## FRANCE.

### MONTALEMBERT'S APPEAL.

On the 2d, M. de Montalembert, accompanied by Messrs. Berryer and Dufaure, presented himself at the registrar's office to lodge an appeal against the sentence pronounced upon him. It is considered doubtful whether the Emperor's pardon has the effect of removing from Montalembert the liability to be transported at any time at the pleasure of the executive under the law of public safety.

A correspondence has taken place between M. de Montalembert and the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. It originated in a report that the Archbishop was about to intercede with the Empress for a remission of the sentence. In a letter to the Archbishop, dated November 29, M. de Montalembert says: "I am proud and honored by a condemnation which proves my fidelity to the political principles of my whole life, and which comes opportunely to justify in the eyes of Europe and of posterity all that I have said or thought on the actual condition of France. I have at this moment no other design than to leave to my judges the responsibility of their acts; and I could only regard in the light of a real wrong the slightest favor emanating from the Imperial Government." The Archbishop, on the 30th, writes that he never had the intention attributed to him.

### DECISION IN COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT'S CASE.

The *Times'* Paris correspondent hears that it was decided at a Cabinet Council that Count de Montalembert's appeal should be allowed to come before the Court, but that the answer to it will simply be the Emperor's pardon, which, it will be pleaded, covers every thing that the penalty imposed and the possible effects of the new penal law. Later reports state that the Government have decided on allowing the appeal to come before the Superior Court.

### NEWSPAPERS AND TELEGRAPHS IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that all the English newspapers posted in London on the 27th ult. had undergone the closest scrutiny at the Paris post-office, and that from twenty-five to thirty different journals were stopped, including such inoffensive journals as the *Builder* and *Mining Journal*. Adversaries, neutrals, friends, and even partisans had shared the like fate. The English residents complain greatly of the annoyance.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* on the 28th ult. prepaid a telegraphic dispatch for London announcing the seizure of all the London papers. On the following day a notice was received from the telegraph office stating that the message had not been sent, and returned the money. No reason was assigned. The French papers have not been allowed to state the reason why the English journals have been seized.

### HOW EUGENIE AMUSES HERSELF.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Meanwhile, as a *divertissement*, the Empress Eugénie, who has lately been trying her hand at silvering looking-glasses while the Emperor gallantly held her ample sleeve, is determined to immortalize herself by an onslaught on the monster nuisance of the day—the gigantic crinoline. It is ostentatiously stated that, on quitting Compèigne, her Majesty will leave behind her no less than ten of the *jupes* which, to the number of fourteen, constitute her daily equipment; that her robes will henceforth be curtailed to such dimensions that her symmetrical foot and ankle may occasionally see the light, and that waists are to be reduced to the natural proportions of humanity. Something is said about shoes in the form of highlows, with pyramidal heels, and bonnets *tout a fait d'un outre genre*. But so much is certain—that the highest personage of France, taking compassion on the continued moans and lamentations of fathers and husbands throughout the length and breadth of Europe, has determined to wage war against crinoline, wire hoops, and robes forty ells in diameter. Many a stern spirit, which has hitherto beheld her elevation with haughty jealousy, will wish her, for once, God speed, caused by a *coup de main*."

### HOW PRESS CONVICTS ARE TREATED IN FRANCE.

A Paris letter says: "The sentence of six months' imprisonment may appear severe; but confinement for press offenses in Paris, when the offenders are *gentlemen*, is more nominal than real—the said offenders being allowed to undergo the imprisonment wherever most convenient, being allowed to go out of jail whenever business calls, on condition of returning at night, and being, moreover, able on the pretext of illness, or even of simple indisposition, to obtain removal to a *maison de santé*, where they enjoy every liberty, except, perhaps, that of sleeping away from the establishment. Of course, when the personal restraint is so slight, it follows that the offenders when actually in jail have every thing in the shape of food and comforts they choose to procure, together with free access to books, writing materials, and newspapers, and the privilege of receiving as many visitors as they please. In fact, I have heard journalists say that imprisonment for press offenses is rather a pleasant break in the ordinary monotony of existence than a thing to be complained of."

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FIELD MARSHAL.

Marshal Vaillant having been written to by a shoeing-smith of his own name for particulars concerning his family, the Marshal had the kindness (says *Galignani*) to give the following account of his career and origin: "You have addressed to me a good letter, and the person who wrote it must be a good-hearted man. I should be very proud of his relationship, though I do not know if we shall be able to make it apparent. My father, whom I had the misfortune to lose in 1823, was Secretary of the district of Dijon, and afterward Secretary-General of the prefecture of the Côte d'Or in 1815; he was elected representative during the Cent Jours, then deprived of his place at the prefecture, imprisoned as Bonapartist, etc. I was then in the army of the Loire. My father died poor, but esteemed by all—I do not know that he had a single enemy. I do not resemble him in any thing—he was thin and I am stout—he was mild and people find me cross—in fact, he had as many good qualities as they say I have faults, and I believe they are not mistaken. My father, who brought up a large family, was married to a Mademoiselle Canquoin. A brother of my mother died at Genlis (Côte-d'Or), an excellent man, whom we constantly regret. I have no child, and this is the greatest sorrow that God has given me. I was born at Dijon on the 6th December, 1790. I scarcely recollect my mother. We were poor, very poor. We were carefully and tenderly brought up, but in the midst of privations of every sort. My nurse still lives at Dijon. God has not made any being more devoted than she, who received us as infants, and tended us with a love which I can not express; she has refused twenty offers of marriage to live with us, who, however, gave her trouble enough. I entered the Polytechnic School at the age of sixteen, and I left it to enter the Engineers. The grade which has given us most pleasure was that of Corporal at the Polytechnic School. I was in the Russian campaign of 1813, and was made prisoner at its conclusion. I was at Waterloo. I was wounded at the defense of Paris in 1815; I had a leg torn by a shell at the siege of Algiers in 1830. My chiefs said that they were pleased with me at the siege of Anvers in 1832. Such, Sir, is my history, nearly complete. I shall be most happy if you find in it some proofs of a similarity of origin between your family and mine. I pray you to receive the assurance of my esteem."

### MORE NEWSPAPER DUELS IN FRANCE.

A Paris letter says: "Two very absurd duels were fought this (Tuesday) afternoon. A few days since an article written in the *Figaro* by M. Lucas, one of the *rédacteurs* of that journal, made some allusions to the despicable class of society denominated 'fancy men.' The article—which I have not seen—was so worded as to excite the susceptibility of M. Plunkett, the brother of Madame Doche, and the manager of the Palais Royal Theatre. He accordingly sent a challenge to M. Lucas. That gentleman answered that he could by no means admit that the article in question afforded a ground for a duel, because there was nothing in it referring in the remotest way to M. Plunkett, and he therefore refused to fight upon that ground, but said that if M. Plunkett was really bent upon fighting he had only to insult him. It appears that the required insult was given, for an arrangement was made for a hostile meeting at Ville d'Avray at two o'clock this afternoon. In the mean time a certain M. Naquart came to the office of the *Figaro* and complained that he had called there several times while M. Villemet was the editor without finding any body ready to fight. M. de Villemessant, who, after having retired for some months from the direction of that journal, has lately resumed his former position, gave it to be understood that he was ready in his own person to give 'satisfaction' to a gentleman who seemed so exceedingly anxious to get it. Duel No. 2 was therefore arranged to come off at the same time and place as that of MM. Lucas and Plunkett. M. Lucas's seconds were M. Noirac, the director of the *Figaro Programme*, and M. Rosseau, a *rédacteur* of the *Figaro*. M. Plunkett was accompanied by M. Ravel, the celebrated comic actor, and a M. Couaillac. M. de Villemessant's seconds were a gentleman of fortune named De Merville, and M. Jahyes, of the *Figaro*. I have not heard the names of M. Naquart's seconds. The sport resulted in blood being drawn from all the four combatants, but happily without any serious injury to any of them. I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that the fight was a sham. On the contrary, I am persuaded that nothing but the fortune of war prevented the sacrifice of life and limb in this miserable quarrel. Both the duels, I should have said, were fought with swords. The ground selected was near the ponds of Ville d'Avray, the two sets of combatants being about a hundred yards apart. Owing to the late rains the ground was very springy. M. Lucas, who is an old Algerian officer, was touched on the shoulder after three lunges, and he pricked his adversary in the right nipple. M. de Villemessant received first the point of the sword on his left breast, and in return drew blood from the left temple of M. Naquart. After these achievements the seconds declared that 'honor was satisfied,' and all parties returned to Paris together by the next up train."

### DEATH OF THE OLDEST RAGPICKER IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Journal* chronicles the demise of an ancient ragpicker of that city in the following terms: "The oldest ragpicker in Paris died this week, and at the age of ninety-one. Ragpicking, you see, is favorable to longevity. This old man, like most of his profession, was rich once, and his money being squandered, he fell down the ladder of society, rung by rung, until he reached the bottom. He was well educated, too, and his brethren of the rag-tag tie looked up to him with respect. The Ragpickers' Association made him a free member, gave him a free ticket to all their festivals, reserved him a number of streets into which no one was allowed to venture on his picking excursions, and gave him a monthly allowance of pocket money for his gin and tobacco. His comrades buried him, and his funeral was largely attended by ragpickers."

### ABOUT MARIO AND HIS CONQUESTS.

A Paris letter to the London *Court Journal* has a bit of gossip about Mario and his female admirers: "In Paris, Mario still maintains his superiority over all his rivals, scarcely deigning to acknowledge the marked admiration of which he is the object, and, when encored, never choosing to accede to the request. The old English lady, his admirer of fifty years' standing, whose admiration is maintained by her own fading sight to the diapason of Mario's fading beauties, is always ensconced in her box, armed with the lorgnon she has made to the distance at which her box is situated from the stage, in order to take in all the perfections of which Mario is the bearer, and still cries out, to the annoyance of her neighbors, '*Oh, la bel homme!*' in spite of decency and grammar, at the end of each of his solo songs. The box once occupied by the solitary Yankee lady of large fortune, which used to be kept hermetically closed save when Mario was on the stage, is now occupied by two English heiresses, sisters, who have succeeded to the occupation of their predecessor, that of admiring and exclaiming aloud their admiration each time a note issues from the harmonious throat of the favorite.

### A SHOCKING STORY OF A STATUETTE.

The mysterious circles of Compiègne have been affrighted from their propriety by the sorry adventure which has befallen one of their most disinterested heroes—one, the only one, perhaps, among them all who ever loved a woman for any other sake than vanity or money. Decidedly Frenchmen are very unlucky when they do deviate from the path which their fathers have trod before them. General C——, the hero in question, had devoted himself for some time to a certain fashionable little widow of the *demi monde*, who has been running through his fortune most agreeably and briskly for the last three years. The lady is not handsome, that every body knows; but, by way of compensation, her form is most exquisite, and this is said to be known to a great many people also. However, the General believing himself to be the only one in the secret, obtained of the lady for his *etrennes*, last New-Year's Day, a small statuette, in the purest and Eve-angelical costume possible, done by the hand of the greatest artist in Paris—*le nom ne fait rien à l'affaire*—who did full justice to his model, and produced the most beautiful work perhaps ever beheld since the days of Phidias. The lady was so shocked, and so sensitive, that she could be induced to bestow this charming though somewhat singular present only on consideration of the title-deeds of the sweet little chateau in Touraine, which belonged to the General's deceased wife, and the solemn promise that none should ever behold the statuette, for which she had consented to stand five consecutive days in a chill *atelier*, which, although well heated, did not console her for the loss of time and self-respect which such a proceeding gave rise to. The General made over the title-deeds and the key of the little *armoire* where he hid away the statuette, which was certainly the best guarantee of its being held by no one, and departed, last August, to visit his brother in the south, doubly delighted with this world and all that's in it, from the conviction that he was possessed of the two great blessings of this life (in France), a fond and faithful lady-love and a rich and dying brother. But in both he was deceived; for the brother, in spite of his remaining at his bedside so faithfully, did not die; but, moreover, gave such alarming symptoms of recovery, that, in disgust, the General resolved to have nothing to do with such ingratitude, and abandoned the recovering man to his fate, and set out for the little chateau in Touraine, of which the lady had obtained possession of, the title-deeds in consideration of her kindness and fidelity. *Chemin faisant*, he went to visit a dear old friend of his—a hermit painter who lives on the road; and after dinner, the painter, who is *au courant* to nothing in this world but lights and shades and aerial beauty and poetry of nature, showed him the curiosities of his studio. *Grand Dieu!* The first object he beheld was a cast of the lovely statuette. Wonder kept him speechless. "Ah, you admire that; it is pretty, isn't it? My nephew gave it to me; he got it from the model herself, Madame R——." To the utter amazement of the painter, the General rushed from the spot, flung himself into a carriage, and was borne post haste to the chateau in Touraine. The lady was absent. He searched the premises, breaking open drawers and cupboards, and found more than fifty casts of the precious model. The terrified *femme de chambre* squeezed out the appalling truth, there had been a hundred at the first! Where are the others gone then? The terrified *femme de chambre* was too much overcome to answer. The General took the fifty from the shelf, and revenged himself *en soldat*. He arranged them on the sideboard, and fired at them all with ball, destroying their loveliness; he then turned from the house, never to enter it more.

The story has created such a panic among ladies of the same caste, that the shop-windows of Paris are said to have been suddenly *degarni*.

## ITALY.

### THE MORTARA CASE.

The *Times'* Vienna correspondent writes, under date November 27: "As there are many contradictory reports in circulation respecting the conduct of the French Government in the Mortara affair, it may be well to give you some reliable information on the subject. Neither France nor any other Power has officially intervened on behalf of the parents of the boy, but both the Duke of Gramont and M. von Thiele (the Prussian Minister at the Papal Court) have endeavored to persuade Cardinal Antonelli to restore the child to his natural protectors. The French Embassador was very urgent; but his eloquence was *en pure perte*, for he could make no impression on the stony heart of the Roman Minister.

### DEATH ON THE STAGE.

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* writes: "You will hear of no Piccolomini in Europe. I have heard, however, Alboni in the revived Giuramento. She is by far the greater songstress, but not the *Fourth Grace*. The trio, you know, have consented to adopt Piccolomini—three being bad company even for Graces. The Giuramento may be called an agonistic pyramid of horrors. The music is glorious of Mercedante, nevertheless, and the acting of Penco, when the villain Visgardo stabs her, was as near to nature as counterfeit can be.

"The mock tragedy probably produced, at least it was instantly followed by, one of reality. As the curtain fell upon the counterfeit death I heard a kind of shriek behind me, and looking up, I saw a lady fall from her chair fainting. She was quickly as possible conveyed to the lobby, but life had already fled.

"A tragedy of a different kind has been narrowly escaped at the theatre in Reggio. The great Ristori was acting, and according to her custom at the end of a great effort, before reappearing upon the stage she was about to taste a glass of water, provided for her in a dark passage convenient to her *exit*.

"The glass, to her astonishment, looked as if illuminated, and, without tasting, she carried it to the physician always in attendance. He found it charged with a strong poison of *phosphorus*. A circumstance like this in real life renders the horrors of the *Giuramento* frightfully possible."

### HOW EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE WAS TURNED OUT OF HIS LODGINGS.

The Florence correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* closes a letter, dated November 21, as follows:

"The King and Queen of Prussia made their grand entrance here a day or two since, and took possession of the fine Hôtel de la Villa, turned into a palace for the royal pair and suite. The *cortége* comprised twenty carriages and wagons, from the last of which saucepans and tin kettles hung dangling, as if mocking with their discordant rattle the pomp and circumstance of that royalty of which they brought up the rear. But Kings must take their *cuisine*, as well as their diamonds, about with them.

"Ex-President Pierce happened to be lodged at the hotel demanded for old Frederick William, when the order came to vacate it. The ecstatic landlord made haste to acquaint his guests of the honor intended him, hinting alike to one and all the necessity of seeking other quarters, which hint was differently received by different temperaments, but by no one so *amiably* as by the ex-President, who conceded in the blandest manner the right of an ex-King to turn him, a Democratic ex-President, out of doors. Not so a stiff-upper-lipped Southerner, of family and money, who had been lodged there himself like any king for some weeks, and who, on receiving the notice, sent the poor old King and innocent landlord together to a very bad place, in free republican style, and ordered his carriage and bill on the instant, shaking the dust off his feet as he left the unworthy hotel.

"As for plain *Franklin Pierce* (as he is named in the list of passengers to Naples), every body knows his amiable weakness of never having been able to say '*No*' in his life, and the crushing consequences to the polite executive, when he found himself sometimes between the upper and nether millstone at the meeting of cross-purposes in two individuals, to each of whom he had said '*Yes*.' The only wonder is, that when he bowed the landlord to the door, saying that he was too happy to give place to the honor that awaited him, like the amiable son who said, 'I *go*, father,' and went *not*, the General was not found by the King still occupying the apartments destined for his Majesty. Therefore be it chronicled that, once in his life, President Pierce kept his word!"

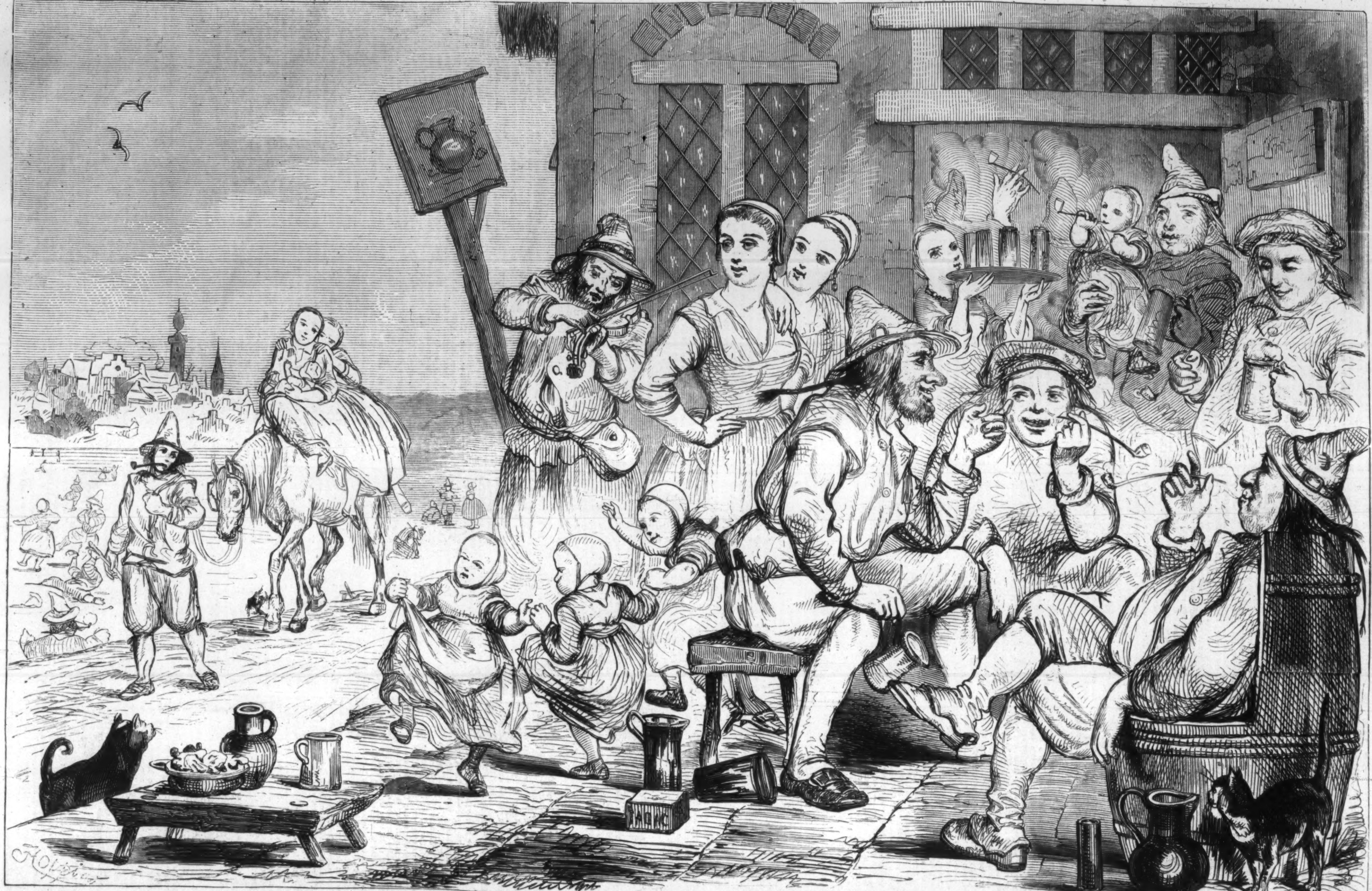
## INDIA.

### A GENERAL AMNESTY.

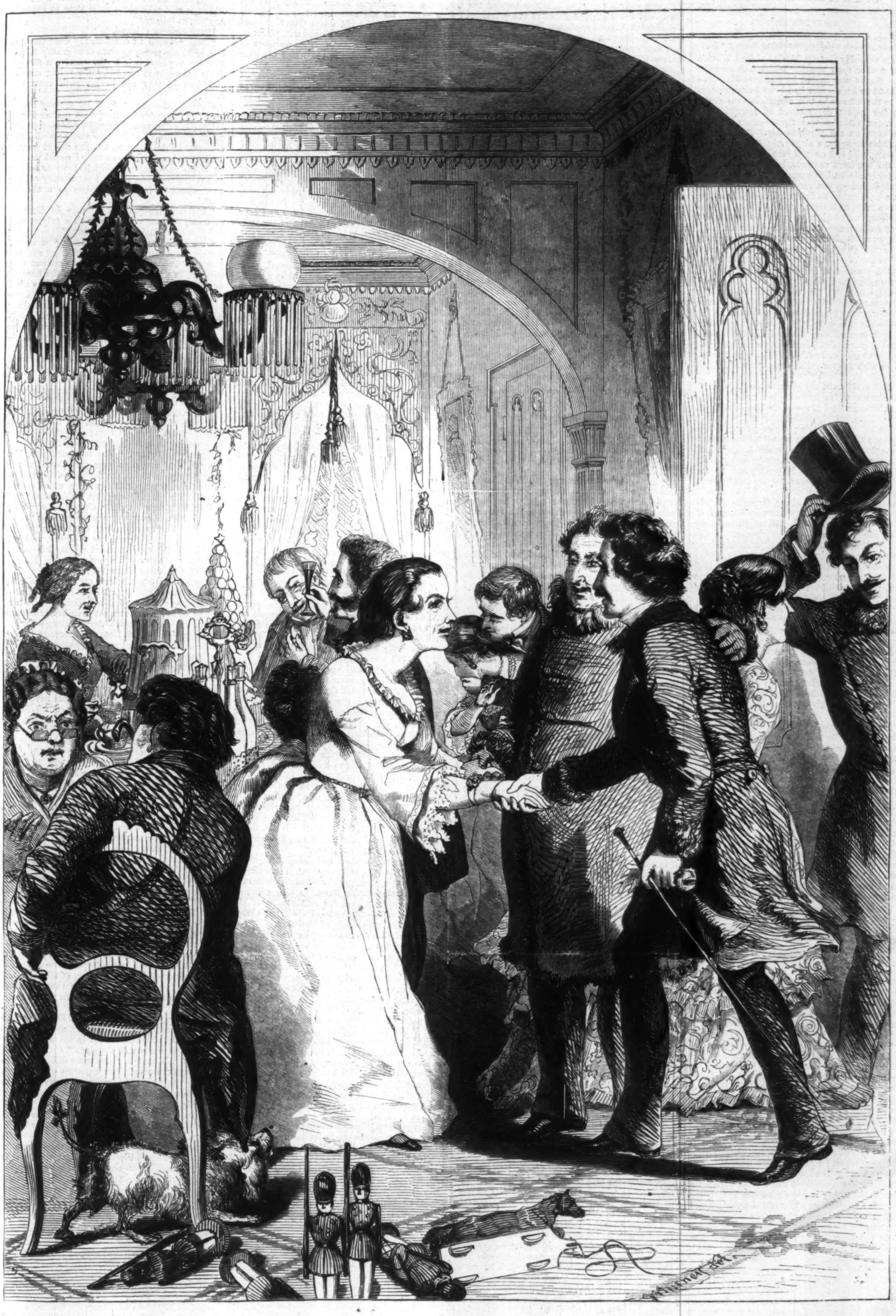
The Queen's proclamation was read throughout India on November 1. Its terms are liberal. It guarantees protection of religious freedom; confirms all existing treaties and rights; and offers a general amnesty to all, save the murderers of the British, provided a submission is made by the rebels before the 1st of January.

### A KEY TO THE LATE REBELLION.

One of the most respectable of the Calcutta journals gives prominence to the following recommendation: "It is very desirable that natives of all classes should be made to salute Europeans. Should the proclamation, which must come out some day or other, have a clause in which it would be said that natives are to salute Europeans as a mark of superiority of race, you can not conceive what good it would do. Though Europeans in general don't care for natives' 'salams,' yet it would demonstrate to them that there is a still greater power which insists on what it thinks proper."



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN NEW AMSTERDAM IN THE OLD DUTCH TIMES.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK, 1859.

# WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

### BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

## CHAPTER XI.

Waife exacts from George Morley the fulfillment of one of those promises which mean nothing or every thing.

THE next day George Morley visited Waife's room earlier than usual. Waife had sent for him. Sophy was seated by her grandfather—his hand in hers. She had been exerting herself to the utmost to talk cheerfully—to shake from her aspect every cloud of sorrow. But still THAT CHANGE was there—more marked than even on the previous day. A few hours of intense struggle, a single night wholly without sleep, will tell on the face of early youth. Not till we, hard veterans, have gone through such struggles as life permits not to the slight responsibilities of new recruits—not till sleepless nights have grown to us familiar—will Thought seem to take, as it were, strength, not exhaustion, from unrelaxing exercise—nourish the brain, sustain the form by its own untiring, fleshless, spiritual immortality; not till many a winter has stripped the leaves; not till deep, and far out of sight, spread the roots that support the stem—will the beat of the east wind leave no sign on the rind.

George had not, indeed, so noticed the day before the kind of withering blight that had passed over the girl's countenance; but he did now—when she met his eye more steadfastly, and had resumed something of the open genial infantine grace of manner which constituted her peculiar charm, and which it was difficult to associate with deeper griefs than those of childhood.

"You must scold my grandfather," she said. "He chooses to fancy that he is not well enough yet to leave; and I am sure that he is, and will recover more quickly at home than here."

"Pooh!" said Waife; "you young things suppose we old folks can be as brisk as yourselves; but if I am to be scolded, leave Mr. George unawed by your presence, and go out, my dear, while the sun lasts; I know by the ways of that blackbird that the day will be overcast by noon."

As soon as they were alone, George said, abruptly, "Your Sophy is looking very ill, and, if you are well enough to leave, it might be better for her to move from this gloomy house. Movement itself is a great restorative," added George, with emphasis.

"You see, then, that she looks ill—very ill," said Waife, deliberately; "and there is that in your manner which tells me you guess the cause."

"I do guess it, from the glimpse which I caught of Lionel's face after he had been closeted a short time with Mr. Darrell at my uncle's house two days ago. I guess it also from a letter I have received from my uncle."

"You guess right—very right," said Waife, still with the same serious, tranquil manner. "I showed her this letter from young Haughton. Read it." George hurried his eye over the letter, and returned it silently. Waife proceeded.

"I was frightened yesterday by the strange composure she showed. In her face alone could be read what she suffered. We talked last night. I spoke of myself—of my old sorrows—in order to give her strength to support hers; and the girl has a heroic nature, Mr. George—and she is resolved to conquer or to die. But she will not conquer."

George began the usual strain of a consoler in such trials. Waife stopped him. "All that you can say, Mr. George, I know beforehand; and she will need no exhortation to prayer and to fortitude. I stole from my room when it was almost dawn. I saw light under the door of her chamber. I just looked in—softly—unperceived. She had not gone to bed. She was by the open window—stars dying out of the sky—kneeling on the floor, her face buried in her hands. She has prayed. In her soul, at this moment, be sure that she is praying now. She will devote herself to me—she will be cheerful—you will hear her laugh, Mr. George: but she will not conquer in this world; long before the new year is out she will be looking down upon our grief with her bright smile; but we shall not see her, Mr. George. Do not think this is an old man's foolish terror; I know sorrow as physicians know disease; it has its mortal symptoms. Hush! hear me out. I have one hope—it is in you."

"In me?"

"Yes. Do you remember that you said, if I could succeed in opening to your intellect its fair career, you would be the best friend to me man ever had; and I said, 'Agreed, but change the party in the contract; befriend my Sophy instead of me, and, if ever I ask you, help me in aught for her welfare and happiness;' and you said, 'With heart and soul.' That was the bargain, Mr. George. Now, you have all that you then despaired of; you have the dignity of your sacred calling—you have the eloquence of the preacher. I can not cope with Mr. Darrell—you can. He has a heart—it can be softened: he has a soul—it can be freed from the withes that tether it down; he has the virtues you can appeal to; and he has the pride which you, as a Christian minister, have the right to prove to be a sin. I can not argue with him; I can not reprove the man to whom I owe so much. All ranks of men and of mind should be equal to you, the pastor, the divine. You ministers of the Gospel address yourselves unabashed to the poor, the humble, the uninstructed. Did Heaven give you power and commandment over these alone? Go, Preacher! go! Speak with the same authority to the great, to the haughty, to the wise!"

The old man's look and gesture were sublime.

The Preacher felt a thrill vibrate from his ear to his heart; but his reason was less affected than his heart. He shook his head mournfully. The task thus assigned to him was beyond the limits which custom prescribes to the priest of the English Church—dictation to a man not even of his own flock, upon the closest affairs of that man's own private hearth and home! Our society allows no such privilege; and our society is right.

Waife, watching his countenance, saw at once what was passing in his mind, and resumed, as if answering George's own thought.

"Ay, if you were but the commonplace priest! But you are something more; you are the priest specially endowed for all special purposes of good. You have the mind to reason—the tongue to persuade—the majestic earnestness of impassioned zeal. Nor are you here the priest alone; you are here the friend, the confidant, of all for whom you may exert your powers. Oh, George Morley, I am a poor ignorant blunderer when presuming to exhort you as Christian minister; but in your own words—I address you as man and gentleman—you declared that 'thought and zeal should not stammer whenever I said—Keep your promise.' I say it now—Keep faith to the child you swore to me to befriend!"

"I will go—and at once," said George, rising. "But be not sanguine. I see not a chance of success. A man so superior to myself in years, station, abilities, repute!"

"Where would be Christianity," said Waife, "if the earliest preachers had raised such questions? There is a soldier's courage—is there not a priest's?"

George made no answer, but, with abstracted eye, gathered brow, and slow meditative step, quitted the room, and sought Guy Darrell.

## BOOK XII.—CHAPTER I.

The man of the World shows more indifference to the things and doctrines of the World than might be supposed.—But he vindicates his character, which might otherwise be jeopardized, by the adroitness with which, having resolved to roast chestnuts in the ashes of another man's hearth, he handles them when hottest by the proxy of a—Cat's paw.

IN the letter which George told Waife he had received from his uncle, George had an excuse for the delicate and arduous mission he undertook, which he did not confide to the old man, lest it should convey more hopes than its nature justified. In this letter Alban related, with a degree of feeling that he rarely manifested, his farewell conversation with Lionel, who had just departed to join his new regiment. The poor young man had buoyed himself up with delighted expectations of the result of Sophy's prolonged residence under Darrell's roof; he had persuaded his reason that when Darrell had been thus enabled to see and judge of her for himself, he would be irresistibly attracted toward her; that Innocence, like Truth, would be mighty and prevail;—Darrell was engaged in the attempt to clear William Losely's name and blood from the taint of felony;—Alban was commissioned to negotiate with Jasper Losely on any terms that would remove all chance of future disgrace from that quarter. Oh yes! to poor Lionel's eyes, obstacles vanished—the future became clear. And thus, when, after telling him of his final interview with the minister, Darrell said, "I trust that, in bringing to William Losely this intelligence, I shall at least soften his disappointment, when I make it thoroughly clear to him how impossible it is that his Sophy can ever be more to me—to *us*—than a stranger whose virtues create an interest in her welfare"—Lionel was stunned as by a blow. Scarcely could he murmur—

"You have seen her—and your resolve remains the same."

"Can you doubt it?" answered Darrell, as if in surprise. "The resolve may now give me pain on my account, as before it gave me pain on yours. But if not moved by your pain, can I be moved by mine? *That* would be a baseness."

The Colonel, in depicting Lionel's state of mind after the young soldier had written his farewell to Waife, and previous to quitting London, expressed very gloomy forebodings, "I do not say," wrote he, "that Lionel will guiltily seek death in the field, nor does death there come more to those who seek than to those who shun it; but he will go upon a service exposed to more than ordinary suffering, privation, and disease—without that rallying power of hope—that Will and Desire to Live, which constitute the true stamina of Youth. And I have always set a black mark upon those who go into war joyless and despondent. Send a young fellow to the camp with his spirits broken, his heart heavy as a lump of lead, and the first of those epidemics which thin ranks more than the cannon says to itself, 'There is a man for me!' Any doctor will tell you that, even at home, the gay and light-hearted walk safe through the pestilence, that settles on the moping as malaria settles on a marsh. Confound Guy Darrell's ancestors, they have spoiled Queen Victoria as good a young soldier as ever wore sword by his side. Six months ago, and how blithely Lionel Haughton looked forth to the future!—all laurel!—no cypress! And now, I feel as if I had shaken hands with a victim sacrificed by Superstition to the tombs of the dead. I can not blame Darrell: I dare say in the same position I might do the same. But no; on second thoughts I should not! If Darrell does not choose to marry and have sons of his own, he has no right to load a poor boy with benefits, and say, 'There is but one way to prove your gratitude; remember my ancestors, and be miserable for the rest of your days!' Darrell, forsooth, intends to leave to Lionel the transmission of the old Darrell name; and the old Darrell name must not be tarnished by the marriage on which Lionel has unluckily set his heart! I respect the old name; but it is not like the House of Vipont—a British Institution. And if some democratical cholera, which does not care a rush for old names, carries off Lionel, what becomes of the old name then? Lionel is not Darrell's son; Lionel need not, perforce, take the old name. Let the young man live as Lionel Haughton, and the old name die with Guy Darrell!

"As to the poor girl's birth and parentage, I believe we shall never know them. I quite agree with Darrell that it will be wisest never to inquire. But I dismiss, as far-fetched and improbable, his supposition that she is Gabrielle Desmaret's daughter. To me it is infinitely more likely, either that the deposition of the Nurse, which poor Willy gave to Darrell, and which Darrell showed to me, is true (only, that Jasper was conniving at the temporary suspension of his child's existence while it suited his purpose)—or that, at the worst, this mysterious young lady is the daughter of the *artiste*. In the former supposition, as I have said over and over again, a marriage between Lionel and Sophy is precisely that which Darrell should desire; in the latter case, of course, if Lionel were the head of the House of Vipont, the idea of such a union would be inadmissible. But Lionel, *entre nous*, is the son of a ruined spendthrift by a linen-draper's daughter. And Darrell has but to give the handsome young couple five or six thousand a year, and I know the world well enough to know that the world will trouble itself very little about their pedigrees. And really Lionel should be left wholly free to choose whether he prefer a girl whom he loves with his whole heart, five or six thousand a year, happiness, and the chance of honors in a glorious profession to which he will then look with glad spirits—or a life-long misery, with the right, after Darrell's death—that I hope will not be these thirty years—to bear the name of Darrell instead of Haughton; which, if I were the last of the Haughtons, and had any family pride—as, thank Heaven, I have not—would be a painful exchange to me; and dearly-bought by the addition of some additional thousands a year, when I had grown perhaps as little disposed to spend them as Guy Darrell himself is. But, after all, there is one I compassionate even more than young Haughton. My morning rides of late have been much in the direction of Twickenham, visiting our fair cousin Lady Montfort. I went first to lecture her for letting these young people see so much of each other. But my anger melted into admiration and sympathy when I found with what tender, exquisite, matchless friendship she had been all the while scheming for Darrell's happiness; and with what remorse she now contemplated the sorrow which a friendship so grateful, and a belief so natural, had innocently occasioned. That remorse is wearing her to death. Dr. F——, who attended poor dear Willy, is also attending her; and he told me privately that his skill was in vain—that her case baffled him; and he had very serious apprehensions. Darrell owes some consideration to such a friend. And to think that here are lives permanently imbittered, if not risked, by the ruthless obstinacy of the best-hearted man I ever met! Now, though I have already intimated my opinions to Darrell with a candor due to the oldest and dearest of my friends, yet I have never, of course, in the letters I have written to him, or the talk we have had together, spoken out as plainly as I do in writing to you. And having thus written, without awe of his gray eye and dark brow, I have half a mind to add—'seize him in a happy moment and show him this letter.' Yes, I give you full leave; show it to him if you think it would avail. If not, throw it into the fire, and pray Heaven for those whom we poor mortals can not serve."

On the envelope Alban had added these words—"But, of course, before showing the inclosed, you will prepare Darrell's mind to weigh its contents." And probably it was in that curt and simple injunction that the subtle man of the world evinced the astuteness of which not a trace was apparent in the body of his letter.

Though Alban's communication had much excited his nephew, yet George had not judged it discreet to avail himself of the permission to show it to Darrell. It seemed to him that the pride of his host would take much more offense at its transmission through the hands of a third person than at the frank tone of its reasonings and suggestions. And George had determined to reinclose it to the Colonel, urging him to forward it himself to Darrell just as it was, with but a brief line to say, "that, on reflection, Alban submitted, direct to his old school-fellow, the reasonings and apprehensions which he had so unreservedly poured forth in a letter commenced without the intention at which the writer arrived at the close." But now that the preacher had undertaken the duty of an advocate the letter became his brief.

George passed through the library, through the study, up the narrow stair that finally conducted to the same lofty cell in which Darrell had confronted the midnight robber who claimed a child in Sophy. With a nervous hand George knocked at the door.

Unaccustomed to any intrusion on the part of guest or household in that solitary retreat, somewhat sharply, as if in anger, Darrell's voice answered the knock.

"Who's there?"

"George Morley."

Darrell opened the door.

## CHAPTER II.

"A good archer is not known by his arrows, but his aim." "A good man is no more to be feared than a sheep." "A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand." "A good tongue is a good weapon." And despite these suggestive or encouraging proverbs, George Morley has undertaken something so opposed to all proverbial philosophy, that it becomes a grave question what he will do with it.

"I COME," said George, "to ask you one of the greatest favors a man can confer upon another; it will take some little time to explain. Are you at leisure?"

Darrell's brow relaxed.

"Seat yourself in comfort, my dear George. If it be in my power to serve or to gratify Alban Morley's nephew, it is I who receive a favor." Darrell thought to himself, "the young man is ambitious—I may aid in his path toward a See!"

GEORGE MORLEY. "First let me say that I would consult your intellect on a matter which habitually attracts and engages mine—that old vexed question of the origin and uses of Evil, not only in the physical, but the moral world; it involves problems over which I would ponder for hours as a boy—on which I wrote essays as a schoolman—on which I perpetually collect illustrations to fortify my views as a theologian."

"He is writing a Book," thought Darrell, enviously; "and a book on such a subject will last him all his life. Happy man!"

GEORGE MORLEY. "The Pastor, you know, is frequently consulted by the suffering and oppressed; frequently called upon to answer that question in which the skepticism of the humble and the ignorant ordinarily begins—'Why am I suffering? Why am I oppressed? Is this the justice of Providence? Has the Great Father that benign pity, that watchful care for his children which you preachers tell us?' Ever intent on deducing examples from the lives to which the clew has become apparent, must be the Priest who has to reason with Affliction caused by no apparent fault; and where, judged by the canons of Human justice, cloud and darkness obscure the Divine—still to 'vindicate the ways of God to man.'"

DARRELL. "A philosophy that preceded, and will outlive, all other schools. It is twin-born with the world itself. Go on; though the theme be inexhaustible, its interest never flags."

GEORGE MORLEY. "Has it struck you, Mr. Darrell, that few lives have ever passed under your survey in which the inexpressible tenderness of the Omniscient has been more visibly clear than in that of your guest William Losely?"

DARRELL (surprised). "Clear? To me, I confess that if ever there were an instance in which the Divine tenderness, the Divine justice, which I can never presume to doubt, was yet undiscernible to my bounded vision, it is in the instance of the very life you refer to. I see a man of admirable virtues—of a childlike simplicity of character, which makes him almost unconscious of the grandeur of his own soul—involved by a sublime self-sacrifice—by a virtue, not by a fault—in the most dreadful of human calamities—ignominious degradation;—hurled in the mid-day of life from the sphere of honest men—a felon's brand on his name—a vagrant in his age; justice at last, but tardy and niggard, and giving him but little joy when it arrives; because, ever thinking only of others, his heart is wrapped in a child whom he can not make happy in the way in which his hopes have been set!—George—no, your illustration might be turned by a skeptic into an argument against you."

GEORGE MORLEY. "Not unless the skeptic refused the elementary starting-ground from which you and I may reason; not if it be granted that Man has a soul, which it is the object of this life to enrich and develop for another. We know from my uncle what William Losely was before this calamity befell him—a genial boon-companion—a careless, frank, 'good fellow'—all the virtues you now praise in him dormant, unguessed even by himself. Suddenly came CALAMITY!—suddenly arose the SOUL! Degradation of name, and with it dignity of nature? How poor, how slight, how insignificant William Losely, the hanger-on of rural Thanes, compared with that William Waife whose entrance into this house, you—despite that felon's brand when you knew it was the martyr's glory—greeted with noble reverence: whom, when the mind itself was stricken down—only the soul left to the wreck of the body—you tended with such pious care as he lay on your father's bed! And do you, who hold Nobleness in such honor—do you, of all men, tell me that you can not recognize that Celestial tenderness which ennobled a Spirit for all Eternity?"

"George, you are right!" cried Darrell; "and I was a blockhead and blunderer, as man always is when he mistakes a speck in his telescope for a blotch in the sun of a system."

GEORGE MORLEY. "But more difficult it is to recognize the mysterious agencies of Heavenly Love when no great worldly adversity forces us to pause and question. Let Fortune strike down a victim, and even the heathen cries 'This is the hand of God!' But where Fortune brings no vicissitude; where her wheel runs smooth, dropping wealth or honors as it rolls—where Affliction centres its work within the secret, unrevealing heart—there, even the wisest man may not readily perceive by what means Heaven is admonishing, forcing, or wooing him nearer to itself. I take the case of a man in whom Heaven acknowledges a favored son. I assume his outward life crowned with successes, his mind stored with opulent gifts, his nature endowed with lofty virtues; what an heir to train through the brief school of earth for due place in the ages that roll on forever! But this man has a parasite weed in each bed of a soul rich in flowers; weed and flowers intertwined, stem with stem—their fibres uniting even deep down to the root. Can you not conceive with what untiring vigilant care Heaven will seek to disentangle the flower from the weed?—how (dropping [illegible] metaphor) Heaven will select for its warning chastisements that very error which the man has so blent with his virtues that he holds it a virtue itself?—how, gradually, slowly, pertinaciously, it will gather this beautiful nature all to itself—insist on a sacrifice it would ask from no other? To complete the true nature of poor William Losely, Heaven ordained the sacrifice of worldly repute; to complete the true nature of Guy Darrell, God ordains him the sacrifice of PRIDE!"

Darrell started—half rose; his eye flashed—his cheek paled; but he remained silent.

"I have approached the favor I supplicate," resumed George, drawing a deep breath, as of relief. "Greater favor man can scarcely bestow upon his fellow. I entreat you to believe that I respect, and love, and honor you sufficiently to be for a while so lifted up into your friendship, that I may claim the privilege, without which friendship is but a form—just as no freedom is more obnoxious than intrusion on confidence withheld, so no favor, I repeat, more precious than the confidence which a man of worth vouchsafes to him who invites it with no claim but the loyalty of his motives."

Said Darrell, softened, but with stateliness—"All human lives are as separate circles; they may touch at one point in friendly approach, but, even where they touch, each rounds itself from off the other. With this hint I am contented to ask at what point in my circle you would touch?"

GEORGE MORLEY. "I thank you gratefully; I accept your illustration. The point is touched; I need no other." He paused a moment, as if concentrating all his thoughts, and then said, with musing accents—"Yes, I accept your illustration; I will even strengthen the force of the truth implied in it by a more homely illustration of my own. There are small skeleton abridgments of history which we give to children. In such a year a king was crowned—a battle was fought; there was some great disaster, or some great triumph. Of the true progress and development of the nation whose record is thus epitomized—of the complicated causes which lead to these salient events—of the animated, varied, multitudinous life which has been hurrying on from epoch to epoch, the abridgment tells nothing. It is so with the life of each individual man; the life as it stands before us is but a sterile epitome—hid from our sight the emotions which are the People of the Heart. In such a year occurred a visible something—a gain—a loss—a success—a disappointment; the People of the Heart crowned or deposed a king. This is all we know; and the most voluminous biography ever written must still be a meagre abridgment of all that really individualized and formed a man. I ask not your confidence in a single detail or fact in your existence which lies beyond my sight. Far from me so curious an insolence; but I do ask you this—Reflecting on your past life as a whole, have not your chief sorrows had a common idiosyncrasy? Have they not been strangely directed toward the frustration of some one single object—cherished by your earliest hopes, and, as if in defiance of fate, resolutely clung to even now?"

"It is true," muttered Darrell. "You do not offend me; go on!"

"And have not these SORROWS, in frustrating your object, often assumed, too, a certain uniformity in the weapons they use, in the quarter they harass or invade, almost as if it were a strategic policy that guided them where they could most pain, or humble, or eject a FOE that they were ordered to storm? Degrade you they could not; such was not their mission. Heaven left you intact a kingliness of nature—a loftiness of spirit, unabased by assaults leveled not against yourself, but your pride; your personal dignity, though singularly sensitive, though bitterly galled, stood proof. What might lower lesser men, lowered not you; Heaven left you that dignity, for it belongs alike to your intellect and your virtues—but suffered it to be a source of your anguish. Why? Because not content with adorning your virtues, it was covering the fault against which were directed the sorrows. You frown—forgive me."

"You do not transgress unless it be as a flatterer! If I frowned, it was unconsciously—the sign of thought, not anger. Pause!—my mind has left you for a moment; it is looking into the past."

The past!—Was it not true! That home to whose porch came in time the Black Horses, in time just to save from the last, worst dishonor, but not save from years racked by each pang that can harrow man's dignity in each daily assault on the fort of man's pride; the sly, treacherous daughter—her terrible marriage—the man whose disgrace she had linked to her blood, and whose life still was insult and threat to his own. True, what a war upon Pride! And even in that secret and fatal love which had been of all his griefs the most influential and enduring, had his pride been less bitterly wounded, and that pride less enthroned in his being, would his grief have been so relentless, his attempts at its conquest so vain? And then, even now—what was it said, "I can bless"—holy LOVE! What was it said, "but not pardon"—stern PRIDE! And so on to these last revolutions of sterile life. Was he not miserable in Lionel's and Sophy's misery? Forlorn in that Citadel of Pride—closed round and invested with Sorrows—and the last Hopes that had fled to the fortress, slain in defense of its outworks. With hand shading his face, Darrell remained some minutes silent. At last he raised his head, and his eye was steadfast, his lip firm.

"George Morley," said he, "I acknowledge much justice in the censure you have conveyed, with so artful a delicacy, that if it fail to reform it can not displease, and leaves much to be seriously revolved in solitary self-commune. But though I may own that pride is not made for man, and that in the blindness of human judgment I may often have confounded pride with duty, and suffered for the mistake, yet that one prevailing object of my life, which with so startling a truth you say it has pleased Heaven to frustrate, I can not hold an error in itself. You have learned enough from your uncle, seen enough of me yourself, to know what that object has been. You are scholar enough to concede to me that it is no ignoble homage which either nations or persons render to the ancestral Dead—that homage is an instinct in all but vulgar and sordid natures. Has a man no ancestry of his own, rightly and justly, if himself of worth, he appropriates to his lineage all the heroes, and bards, and patriots of his fatherland? A free citizen has ancestors in all the glorious chiefs that have adorned the state, on the sole condition that he shall revere their tombs, and guard their memory as a son! And thus, whenever they who speak trumpet-tongued to grand democracies, would rouse some quailing generation to heroic deed or sacrifice, they appeal in the Name of Ancestors, and call upon the living to be worthy of the dead! That which is so laudable—nay, so necessary a sentiment in the mass, can not be a fault that angers Heaven in the man. Like all high sentiments, it may compel harsh and rugged duties; it may need the stern suppression of many a gentle impulse—of many a pleasing wish. But we must regard it in its merit and consistency as a whole. And if, my eloquent and subtle friend, all you have hitherto said be designed but to wind into pleas for the same cause that I have already decided against the advocate in my own heart which sides with Lionel's generous love and yon fair girl's ingenuous and touching grace, let us break up the court: the judge has no choice but the law which imperiously governs his judgment."

GEORGE MORLEY. "I have not hitherto presumed to apply to particular cases the general argument you so indulgently allow me to urge in favor of my theory, that in the world of the human heart, when closely examined, there is the same harmony of design as in the external universe; that in Fault and in Sorrow are the axioms, and problems, and postulates of a SCIENCE. Bear with me a little longer if I still pursue the same course of reasoning. I shall not have the arrogance to argue a special instance—to say, 'This you should do, this you should not do.' All I would ask is, leave to proffer a few more suggestions to your own large and candid experience."

Said Darrell, irresistibly allured on, but with a tinge of his grave irony, "You have the true genius of the pulpit, and I concede to you its rights. I will listen with the wish to profit—the more susceptible of conviction, because freed from the necessity to reply."

GEORGE MORLEY. "You vindicate the object which has been the main ambition of your life. You say 'not an ignoble object.' Truly! ignoble objects are not for you. The question is, are there not objects nobler, which should have attained higher value, and led to larger results in the soul which Providence assigned to you; was not the proper place of the object you vindicate that of an auxiliary—a subordinate, rather than that of the all-directing self-sufficing leader and autocrat of such various powers of mind? I picture you to myself—a lone, bold-hearted boy—in this ancient hall, amidst these primitive landscapes, in which old associations are so little disturbed by the modern—in which the wild turf of waste lands, vanishing deep into mazes of solemn wood, lend the scene to dreams of gone days—bring Adventure and Knighthood, and all the poetical colors of Eld to unite the homage due to the ancestral dead with the future ambition of life;—Image full of interest and of pathos—a friendless child of a race more beloved for its decay, looking dauntless on to poverty and toil, with that conviction of power which is born of collected purpose and earnest will; and recording his secret vow, that single-handed he will undo the work of destroying ages, and restore his line to its place of honor in the land!"

George paused, and tears stood in Darrell's eyes.

"Yes," resumed the scholar—"yes, for the child, for the youth, for the man in his first daring stride into the Action of Life, that object commands our respectful sympathies. But wait a few years. Has that object expanded? Has it led on into objects embracing humanity? Remains it alone and sterile in the bosom of successful genius? Or is it prolific and fruitful of grander designs—of more wide-spreading uses? Make genius successful, and all men have the right to say, 'Brother, help us!' What! no other object still but to build up a house!—to recover a line! What was grand at one stage of an onward career is narrow and small at another! Ambition limited to the rise of a family! Can our sympathies still hallow *that!* No! In Guy Darrell successful—that ambition was treason to earth! Mankind was his family now! THEREFORE Heaven thwarted the object which opposed its own ends in creating you! THEREFORE childless you stand on your desolate hearth!—THEREFORE, lo! side by side—yon uncompleted pile—your own uncompleted life!"

Darrell sate dumb.—He was appalled!

GEORGE MORLEY. "Has not that object stinted your very intellect? Has it not, while baffled in its own centred aim—has it not robbed you of the glory which youth craved, and which manhood might have won? Idolater to the creed of an Ancestor's NAME, has your own name that hold on the grateful respect of the Future which men ever give to that genius whose objects are knit with mankind? Suddenly, in the zenith of life, amidst cheers, not of genuine renown—cheers loud and brief as a mob's hurrah—calamities, all of which I know not nor conjecture, interrupt your career; and when your own life-long object is arrested, or rather when it is snatched from your eye, your genius renounces all uses. Fame, ever-during, was before you still, had your objects been those for which genius is given. You muse. Heaven permits these rude words to strike home! Guy Darrell, it is not too late! Heaven's warnings are always in time! Reflect, with the one narrow object was fostered and fed the one master failing of Pride. To us, as Christians or as reasoners, it is not in this world that every duty is to find its special meed; yet by that same mystical LAW which makes Science of Sorrow, rewards are but often the normal effect of duties sublimely fulfilled. Out of your pride and your one-cherished object has there grown happiness? Has the success which was not denied you achieved the link with posterity that your hand, if not fettered, would long since have forged? Grant that Heaven says, 'Stubborn child, yield at last to the warnings that came from my love! From a son so favored and strong I exact the most difficult offering! Thou hast sacrificed much, but for ends not prescribed in my law; sacrifice now to me the thing thou most clingest to—Pride. I make the pang I demand purposely bitter. I twine round the offering I ask the fibres that bleed in relaxing. What to other men would be no duty is duty to thee, because it entails a triumphant self-conquest, and pays to Humanity the arrears of just dues long neglected.' Grant the hard sacrifice made; I must think Heaven has ends for your joy even here, when it asks you to part with the cause of your sorrows; I must think that your evening of life may have sunshine denied to its noon. But with God are no bargains. A virtue, the more arduous because it must trample down what your life has exalted as virtue, is before you—distasteful, austere, repellant. The most inviting arguments in its favor are that it proffers no bribes; men would acquit you in rejecting it; judged by our world's ordinary rule, men would be right in acquitting you. But if, on reflection, you say in your heart of hearts, 'This *is* a virtue,' you will follow its noiseless path up to the smile of God!"

The Preacher ceased.

Darrell breathed a long sigh, rose slowly, took George's hand, pressed it warmly in both his own, and turned quickly and silently away. He paused in the deep recess, where the gleam of the wintry sun shot through the small casement, aslant and pale, on the massive wall. Opening the lattice, he looked forth on the old hereditary trees—on the Gothic church-tower—on the dark evergreens that belted his father's tomb. Again he sighed, but this time the sigh had a haughty sound in its abrupt impatience; and George felt that words written must remain to strengthen and confirm the effect of words spoken. He had at least obeyed his uncle's wise injunction—he had prepared Darrell's mind to weigh the contents of a letter, which, given in the first instance, would perhaps have rendered Darrell's resolution not less stubborn, by increasing the pain to himself which the resolution already inflicted.

Darrell turned, and looked toward George, as if in surprise to see him still lingering there.

"I have now but to place before you this letter from my uncle to myself; it enters into those details which it would have misbecome me specially to discuss. Remember, I entreat you, in reading it, that it is written by your oldest friend—by a man who has no dull discrimination in the perplexities of life, or the niceties of honor."

Darrell bowed his head in assent, and took the letter. George was about to leave the room.

"Stay," said Darrell, "'tis best to have but one interview—one conversation on the subject which has been just enforced on me; and the letter may need a comment, or a message to your uncle." He stood hesitating, with the letter open in his hand; and, fixing his keen eye on George's pale and powerful countenance, said, "How is it that, with an experience of mankind, which you will pardon me for assuming to be limited, you yet read so wondrously the complicated human heart?"

"If I really have that gift," said George, "I will answer your question by another: Is it through experience that we learn to read the human heart—or is it through sympathy? If it be experience, what becomes of the Poet? If the Poet be born, not made, is it not because he is born to sympathize with what he has never experienced?"

"I see! There are born Preachers!"

Darrell reseated himself, and began Alban's letter. He was evidently moved by the Colonel's account of Lionel's grief—muttering to himself, "Poor boy!—but he is brave—he is young." When he came to Alban's forebodings, on the effects of dejection upon the stamina of life, he pressed his hand quickly against his breast as if he had received a shock! He mused a while before he resumed his task; then he read rapidly and silently till his face flushed, and he repeated in a hollow tone, inexpressibly mournful, "'Let the young man live, and the old name die with Guy Darrell.' Ay, ay! see how the world sides with Youth! What matters all else so that Youth have its toy!" Again his eye hurried on impatiently till he came to the passage devoted to Lady Montfort; then George saw that the paper trembled violently in his hand, and that his very lips grew white. "'Serious apprehensions,'" he muttered. "I owe 'consideration to such a friend.' This man is without a heart!"

He clenched the paper in his hand without reading farther. "Leave me this letter, George; I will give an answer to that and to you before night." He caught up his hat as he spoke, passed into the lifeless picture-gallery, and so out into the open air. George, dubious and anxious, gained the solitude of his own room, and locked the door.

## CHAPTER III.

### At last, the great Question by Torture is fairly applied to Guy Darrell.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? What will Guy Darrell do with the thought that weighs on his brain, rankles in his heart, perplexes his dubious conscience? What will he do with the Law which has governed his past life? What will he do with that shadow of A NAME, which, alike in swarming crowds or in lonely burial-places, has spelled his eye and lured his step as a beckoning ghost? What will he do with the PRIDE from which the mask has been so rudely torn? What will he do with idols so long revered. *Are* they idols, or are they but symbols and images of holy truths? What will he do with the torturing problem, on the solution of which depend the honor due to consecrated ashes, and the rights due to beating hearts? There, restless he goes, the arrow of that question in his side—now through the broad waste lands—now through the dim woods, pausing oft with short quick sigh, with hand swept across his brow as if to clear away a cloud;—now snatched from our sight by the evergreens round the tomb in that still church-yard—now emerging slow, with melancholy eyes fixed on the old roof-tree! What will he do with it? The Question of Questions in which all Futurity is opened, has him on its rack. WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? Let us see.

## SAVING LITTLE: WASTING MUCH.

PEOPLE shook their heads at the marriage. He was too old, too grave (some said austere; others sullen), and she was too young and too inexperienced to understand herself. It was a pity, they said, that the father allowed it; but he was such a careless, indifferent, good-for-nothing fellow that he was neither guide nor father to her, and did not trouble himself as to what became of her. Therefore some among the friends took the other side, and thought any thing good which should rescue her from an uncongenial home, and give her that protection and respectability which she scarcely received from her father, with his dyed hair and padded coats: out all day and up all night: filling his house with strange men of questionable habits and associations. The Ayes had it, and the marriage preparations went on. Pretty Annie Farre indulged in her quiet dreams of peace and home, and drew out for herself the plan of her housekeeping, which was to be so wonderfully perfect and complete; and pictured the delight that she should find in the order and regularity of her married life, and was contented, satisfied, and quite resolved.

Percy Clarke himself, though he was grave and somewhat stern to those with whom he had no special connection, had been a devoted son to that unlovable old mother of his; and was not that a guarantee for Annie? Then, how calm and uniform he was in his manners to her! and this was much to a timid reserved nature, such as Annie's; whose nerves had been jarred by her father's noisy life and dissolute imperative ways, and to whom that whirlwind of passionate, demonstrative, insatiable love, which novelists and youth delight in, would have been simple destruction. Annie reasoned deliberately about her marriage, and did not think it a bad thing on the whole. Although she was only twenty and he eight-and-thirty, and though her rich brown hair hung bright and thick and warm over her young face, and his wandered spare and gray down his sallow shrunken face. She was not romantically in love with him; she knew that; but she respected him. He was quiet, regular, and unexacting. Above all, he was a relief and a release. It was not a future to turn from without some special cause, wretched as she was in that almost disgraceful home of hers; and a young girl, unhappy at home, can find many good reasons why her lover is just the man she would have chosen had she had the privilege of choice.

They married: and a week after the marriage he took her to his house in Bloomsbury, and Annie's real life began.

Percy was the junior partner in a lawyer's office, with a respectable income and of a respectable position. Indeed, no other word was so well suited to him as this most comprehensive term; for he was in all things eminently and thoroughly respectable. Mediocre, too; which English middle-class respectability implies. Of fair average intellect; of fair average social standing; of middle height; by no means bad looking (but by no means handsome); of just such fortune as professional men have when they are comfortably off; without an expensive habit, an unusual taste, or a wild idea—he was the very type of the ordinary middle-class Englishman; loved by none, hated by none, but respected by all. He performed the customary duties of life with regularity and without enthusiasm. He went to church punctually once every Sunday, in fine weather. He was a silent man at all times: rarely heard to express an opinion even on a leading article or the foreign intelligence: parliamentary committees sat uncriticised by him; he read the debates without advocacy, and he did not censure the conduct of the Generals abroad in active service. Yet no one said his silence arose from stupidity. On the contrary, his friends believed him to be a deep and thoughtful man; and that he could, if he would, say much on all matters. His behavior to his young wife was in harmony with the rest of him. He was never harsh to her, never ill-humored; but never tender or caressing: not even during that first week spent at a Devonshire watering-place, when he had lain silent on the sands all the summer day, with his hat over his eyes and his arms crossed behind his head, while Annie worked beside him, and strangers thought him dreamily and luxuriously happy. What a lucky fellow to have the dear little woman in that round hat for a wife, and how madly in love with her he must be! But after that brief and shadowy honeymoon, when he brought her home, and recommenced his daily work at the office as if nothing had happened, he might have been married many years for all the lover-like attentions or tenderness he bestowed on her. Annie had never been accustomed to attention or tenderness, so did not miss them from her married life, and was quite as happy and contented as she expected to be. She had her house to manage, her servants to initiate into those mysterious secrets called "ways;" her weekly bills to make up, and ponder for hours where that mistake of twopence farthing could be: she had her needle-work to do, her collars to embroider, her pocket-handkerchiefs to hem, and his shirt buttons and woolen socks to superintend; so that she got through her days in all gentle tranquillity; never idle and never hurried—a smooth life running on its even course, in which there was nothing to distress, to enrapture, or to excite.

Percy Clarke impressed but one thing on his wife—the need of strict economy. In token whereof he made her a very meagre allowance for the house. Yet Annie contrived that it should be sufficient, in the wonderful way in which clever housekeepers can save unseen expenses without curtailing the public comforts of the family. She studied all the best economies, and devised private and peculiar savings of her own, and thus was enabled to make an appearance of luxury and domestic refinement decidedly beyond her allowance.

"I hope you are not getting into debt, Annie?" Percy would sometimes say, if she had provided a dinner more showy than ordinary, though she always contrived to have one special delicacy at the least on the table.

"No, Percy, you may see my books," Annie would answer, with a little quiet triumph: if it were allowance-day, perhaps adding—"I have made it do exactly this week, and have just fourpence over."

"Very well. I do not want details; only do not exceed, that is all." And Annie did not.

Old Mrs. Clarke, the mother, lived in a small house at the upper end of Islington. She was an invalid; and not softened by her age or infirmities. She was as hard as her son, and not so even-tempered—a good deal more exacting, and actively selfish; for Percy's faults were but negative at the worst. Mrs. Clarke was accustomed to say, that "she had never taken to that Ann Farre." She thought her too young, and did not believe in her housekeeping; for Mrs. Clarke was of the old school, and believed in nothing that did not include constant supervision and active doing among the servants by the mistress. She was one of those, too, who locked up every thing, and would have thought it infinite negligence if a mistress gave her servant the key of the tea-caddy, or suffered her in the store-closet unwatched. She it was who continually impressed on Percy her conviction of waste and unthrift in his house; pointing to Annie's little table elegancies, which the young wife had obtained by the most cunning devices of hidden savings, as evidencing extravagance and needless expenditure. But as Percy knew that he allowed a very moderate sum, he was not incited to active participation in his mother's views. Nevertheless her perpetual recurrence to the subject did not tend to make his money-dealings with his wife more liberal.

One day Percy came home half an hour later than usual: he who was so methodical and punctual. He was paler than Annie had ever before seen him, as if internally agitated; dining in more than his customary silence; replying only by monosyllables to all that Annie said, or not replying at all, if her words were not put in the form of a direct question. In the evening, while they sat together in the drawing-room, suddenly he looked up from his pamphlet on the Corn Laws, and said:

"Annie, my mother has lost her fortune. It is not necessary to enter into the business details of the matter: besides, you could not understand them, if I did. It is enough to tell you that she comes to-morrow to live with us. Let the best bedroom be given up to her; and I trust I need not impress on you the necessity of dutiful and affectionate attention."

Annie's heart sank. She felt that all her quiet happiness in her home was at an end. But she had too high notions of wifely duty to utter a word of protest. She merely drooped her eyes over her work, and said, "Very well, Percy," in her usual calm, undemonstrative manner. Nothing more was said; and no one knew that, while she sat hemming that precious little robe, tears were silently falling within the shadow of her curls, steeping the muslin held in her trembling hand.

Mrs. Clarke was a difficult person to deal with in a house. Her times and tempers were contrary to those of most people; and she had no idea of yielding. Annie's quiet pertinacity irritated her beyond measure.

"God bless the girl!" she used to say, blazing up in her fierce, passionate way, "has she no blood in her veins at all that she can never be angry or speak above her breath?"

But, harsh critic and undisguised contemner as she was, she did not intend to be cruel. She was only mean and sour-tempered. The day after she came she spoke to her son about his house-bills; asked how much he allowed a week, what average he made for each, and what sum he appropriated for that future day which, in some people's imaginations, is always raining furiously. Percy, over whom his mother exerted a great but unacknowledged influence, detailed his arrangements and position without reserve; adding up, for her edification, how much each person in his household was supposed to cost.

"So much as that? Well! I must say you are a generous husband, boy! I am sure your wife has no right to complain! When I was with your dear father I had not half that sum."

"Is it much, mother? I thought it moderate. I do not think we could manage on less."

"If not actually on less, then it ought to include me as well," said the old lady, tartly.

Percy was silent, giving only a little inquiring hem as he sat puckering his lips contemplatively.

"I hope you were not thinking of any addition on my account. It is bad enough to be ruined, and forced to come to you for a home at all; old people are best by themselves; but it would be intolerable if I were any extra burden to you."

"I was thinking of allowing six or seven shillings a week extra," said Percy, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense, child! your wife must learn economy: she knows little enough of it now. I tell you—and surely I ought to know; I, who have kept house these forty years and more—you allow quite enough for us all; and it will be useful to her to learn how to make the best of every thing."

"But she is not very extravagant now, mother. Is she?"

"Quite extravagant—quite! At all events, take my advice, and make the trial. If she can not make it do she will tell you, and then you can alter your arrangements. Take my advice, Percy; you are soon to be a father, and all that, and you ought to be doubly careful, considering what expenses are before you."

"Very well, mother, I will. I can but make the trial, as you say; and if Annie is hard pressed and tells me I will enlarge the allowance."

"Yes, yes, that's all very well, as between you and me; but don't tell Ann."

"I am a lawyer, mother," said Percy, with a grim smile, "and can keep my own counsel."

So the law was passed in this domestic Star-chamber, that Annie was to learn experimental improvement in the art and science of house-keeping: a law which never would have been passed at all but for Annie's private and peculiar economies, and her careful concealment of painful details. Percy was inclined to be mean and stingy, certainly, but he was not revoltingly so; and, to do him justice, he would not have imposed a task that he knew was too hard to be accomplished. He was not sorry to lay even a heavy strain upon her, just for experiment's sake; but he would not have done more, willingly. So that poor Annie's very care it was which now caused her discomfiture; her very economy had created distrust of her management.

At the end of the first week the young wife was behind in her accounts. There was brandy for the old lady, and not a little of it; and there were her early dinners and her hot suppers; eggs and tea-cakes for her breakfast; special tea-making; bed-room-fire, and the extra candles. The housekeeping-books showed frightful figures—increased by a full share and a half. But Annie was not disturbed; but reserved the revelation of those multitudinous figures as a simple fact with which her husband had to be made acquainted.

When pay-day came she told Percy, quietly, that she was so much short that week. "I can not help it; but, in such a small family as ours, one person in addition makes a great difference. Our own expenses have been just the same as usual; so that I find your mother's cost exactly equals my deficiency."

"You must provide for that out of the allowance," said Percy, with hardness.

"Out of the allowance, Percy?"

"Yes. I am not able to afford you more; and, by some means or other, you must make what you have do."

"Very well, Percy; I will try," said Annie, meekly.

"Trying will be of no good if it is not done, Annie." Percy spoke positively, as if on the brink of displeasure.

"I will do my very best," she repeated. "But for this past week, Percy, when I did not know your arrangement, and so made no provision—" She turned such a pretty, pleading face to him that he said,

"I will pay you for this once—only for this once, mind; not again under any ordinary circumstances"—emphasizing the ordinary. "Remember what I say, Annie. You know I never speak without a meaning. What was it you mentioned you wanted in addition?"

"So much," said Annie, naming a large sum; very large comparatively with the whole. "I have had a great many things to lay in."

"Here, then, is the money," said Percy, slowly counting it out, coin by coin. "Now do not let me hear the subject repeated. You know what you have to do, and you must do it."

Annie thought long and hard all that day. In what could she retrench? Of course Percy was right; husbands always are right in the eyes of girlish wives not married a year. He was right, and must be obeyed, of course; but how? She would leave off sugar, and profess a sudden distaste for pastry; give up all beer and wine—of which she had but little as it was—and put herself on Lenten fare generally. But, as yet, her proposed retrenchments did not go beyond a few personal sacrifices, and she felt that something more must be done. At last it came to her like a bright inspiration—she would dispense with the extra service she had been accustomed to pay for. The washing was done at home; and the young wife ironed and starched, and stood and stooped, and worked herself to the verge of hysterics and fainting fits; all in the most perfect good faith that such a life was the normal condition of a good housekeeper, and that she was only doing her ordinary duty. No one knew how much she did but the servants. If old Mrs. Clarke knew it she kept it to herself, and thought it only as it should be. Percy did not see, and never asked, what his wife did in the house or out of it. He was the most loose-handed husband possible with the marriage-reins with regard to every thing except money; and his wife, had she been so minded, might have enjoyed any amount of questionable independence. This noninterference was what Annie had always liked in him, and what she specially valued now in the pride of her secret household heroism; and for the next two weeks she was profoundly happy to find that she had succeeded in her obedience, and that her expenses were within the mark—gratified, in fact, that she could buy luxuries for her peevish mother-in-law, and secure her husband's comfort and approbation by the toil and labor of her own hands; for that was the English of the thing, said the superiorly educated servant.

This could not go on for long. At the proper time Annie's release from household toil came in the form of a beautiful boy, which seemed to her an angel come to lie on her heart. This was Annie's happiest time of life. She had never known a real emotion before; never felt a real love. Her father she had feared and shrunk from; her husband she respected and obeyed; but her child—what a golden word of hope and love that was!—what a treasury of divinest joy the waxen touches and warm soft lips of that little life unlocked! She would have been contented to pass through years of pain and sorrow for this gracious time; and she felt she could now face any grief with that precious nestling at her heart to reward her by its love and cheer her by its progress and well-being. Pretty she had always been, but now she was beautiful—so beautiful that the old nurse shook her head and said she did not like the glory of her young lady's looks; and then she maundered off into half a dozen fatal experiences, which made the servant-girls cry; whereat the old dame was satisfied; so went sighing and shaking her head up stairs.

Mrs. Clarke, was impatient of Annie's illness. She missed her in the household; she found that the servants were neither so neat nor so thoughtful as Ann, as she used to call her spitefully, eschewing the Annie as too coaxing and refined; and she could not bear that any one about her should need more care than herself. She had been so long accustomed to be the first consideration; so long accustomed, too, to the moral coddling of invalidship, that she did not yield the right of superior care and sympathy to any one. Mrs. Clarke's infirmities and sundry diseases were her social stock in trade. They were her claims to regard and attention, as some people's riches, or as a pretty woman's beauties. She was forever urging upon Annie the wholesomeness of early exertion and the infinite evil of giving way. So that Annie "put herself forward too soon," said the old nurse, despairingly, and was stirring about the house at a time when other ladies would have been cozily wrapped in white-frilled dressing-gowns and lying on bedroom sofas.

Percy noticed nothing. When, a fortnight after that new life had come among them, Annie appeared at the dinner-table just the same as ever—only paler and more languid, but infinitely lovelier—his sole remark was—shaking hands with her and kissing her forehead—"It scarcely seems a fortnight, Annie, since you were here; but my mother says it is so." Yet his manner had an indescribable shade of softness quite unusual to him; and Annie forgave the coldness of his spoken welcome.

But Percy was not soft either in speech or in manner; and, after to-day, he gradually relapsed into his old silence and indifference. Annie reassumed her household duties, and in another week all things were exactly the same as before. The old nurse even leaving, called away earlier than was expected, owing to an error in dates elsewhere. And then Annie had her treasure in her sole charge with no one to whom she could trust him with confidence; therefore, without assistance or relief. She had no nursemaid, and her two servants were not clever about babies. She was surprised to find how that one little creature absorbed her time, and how scant was the leisure left for the busy house duties she had undertaken before his birth. Yet the inexorable law had to be fulfilled, however unable she was to fulfill it.

When those terrible house-books had been put back into her hands again, and the mean sum once more doled out, she had received a strict injunction to be doubly careful now with this heavy expense before her, and to remember that she saved for her child while she saved for her husband. This completed the circle of Annie's obligations. Passionate love was now added to her former principle of steady duty, and she had not a wish to evade the observance of her task.

Still she could not spare so much time as formerly, and she was not yet strong enough for active household work. The consequence was that, week by week, she fell gradually behind until she was in debt several pounds; all to be saved out of an allowance that did not compass the inevitable expenses! It was hopeless to think of it. What could she do? If she curtailed her husband of any of his special comforts, she feared he would say that she no longer regarded him, and thought only of her baby. Besides, ought she to fail in making her duty to her husband the first thing in her life? Exacting Mrs. Clarke it was impossible to cut down. By virtue of that fallacy—the privilege of old age—she must be pampered, and petted, and preserved, whoever failed or wanted, and a worn-out useless life be nursed up to croon away a few idle years by the chimney corner, though the young and the needed should perish in its stead. Mrs. Clarke was impossible. What could she give up further in herself? She had not, as it was, one of the ordinary physical helps to a young mother, and if she reduced her regimen to within straiter limits than at present, she must be content with plain bread and water. What should she do? While in her own room, kneeling by her baby's pretty little cot, and longing for him to awake, she suddenly remembered that she had a handsome old-fashioned pearl necklace of her dear mother's. She never wore it; it was of no use to her. She would sell it; and thus be saved from further anxiety and unhappiness. It might be a pain, but it was only a pain of sentiment at the worst; while, to vex her husband, and perhaps lose his confidence, would be a crime. That very day she paid up all her back bills, and started fair again with a balance in hand.

But this must not happen again. She must work as she did before; for she was strong now, and must bear her part with the rest. And she did work as before, improvising all sorts of portable cradles for her darling so that he should be watched over the while she was busy as zealously as if she had nothing else to do than care for him and guard him. She worked till her limbs ached, and her head was dull, and her heart depressed. She worked till she was faint and giddy, and overwrought. But no one saw it. She looked always neat and glossy for dinner; and Percy did not scrutinize her narrowly enough to see how pale she was; nor how thin; now how her lips quivered when she spoke, and her eyebrows lifted themselves up as if to lift a heavy weight from her eyes. He saw her just as she used to be, with her placid smile, and her low, sweet voice; with her dainty costume, always marvelously clean and choice, though simple. He saw nothing beyond all this; and as the house went on exactly as it did before, he was never weary of congratulating himself in secret that he had taken his mother's advice and had put Annie on her mettle, to rightly understand and practice economical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indigestion: and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and fault-finding; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Annie's powers were taxed till she was often faint and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though now and then the servant would steal up with tea or coffee, or sometimes with a cup of arrow-root, saved from the old lady's surplus, as more needful to Mrs. Clarke the younger and weaker. The neck of Mrs. Clarke's illness from overfeeding was broken in a fortnight, though things had not quite come back to their old groove even then.

This illness was expensive. Percy did not insist on the house paying for the doctor; but the thousand little luxuries and the inevitable waste of a sick-room made sad havoc with Annie's calculations. Once or twice, when she was very hard pressed, she impoverished her husband's dietary. He always spoke of it, gravely and displeased; and once he said that he did not approve of her negligence; which was becoming marked, very marked, and excessively unpleasant. If she neglected him, her husband, how could he feel satisfied that his dear mother, sick and infirm as she was, and obliged, after her long life of independence and well-doing, to come to him for support—how could he feel sure that she received due attention when he was away? He was afraid that Annie's motherhood, instead of opening her heart, had narrowed it. Annie broke her heart, in her silent, quiet little way over these reproaches, and she inwardly resolved not to offend again, whatever it cost her, or whatever other means she must use.

But those horrible bills! She could not keep them under; not though she cried for vexation and wounded pride to think what a bad manager she was, and how unfit to have the guidance of Percy's household expenditure. Then her baby wanted some new frocks; and Annie, true to the instincts of a young mother, had set her heart on having them robed and worked, and had been quietly trying to save up for them, little by little, ever since she sold the pearl brooch, the companion to the necklace. But to no purpose. So Annie sold another little trinket, and another, and another; paid her bills, and bought her baby six pretty white worked frocks, and a white cashmere pelisse; and went to bed that night proud and blessed as a queen—free from debt.

But Mrs. Clarke complained to her son that yesterday her cutlet was tough, and she was sure Ann bought inferior meat for her, that she might save for such senseless extravagance as she had just been committing; for did he not see how she had bedizened up that miserable little baby, who would look much better too in nice clean prints instead of with all those useless fallals about him? In her day, indeed, such folly was never thought of, and, for her part, she thought what had been good enough for her children might be good enough for Ann's. And she wished Percy would mention it.

Percy was hard, but not small. Provided things went the way of his ordering, he did not care to criticise the stages. He soothed his mother, spoke to Annie about the offending veal, but said nothing ill-natured of the frocks. He had not the heart to do it, with the boy laughing and crowing in his mother's arms, and kicking out his little feet, in all freedom of a first day of short coats.

By degrees, every little article of private property that Annie possessed was swallowed up by extra housekeeping expenses. When she had nothing left that she could appropriate, she had nothing for it but to dismiss her two servants. She hired a strong, good-natured maid of all work, clumsy, strong, and ignorant: one of the tribe who are prone to fall up stairs with tea-trays; and who, if they were not watched, would fry potatoes in blacking, and lard boots with the butter. Thus, all the directing fell to the young mistress, and half the work; for the girl was too uncouth to do any thing well, or any thing of herself. Day by day she slowly faded and drooped: day by day, patiently and steadily continuing her work: her cheeks paler, her eyes dimmer and larger; the lustre of her warm brown hair dulled, and its color faded; the slender waist shrinking, as the round young throat grew thin and spare. But there was no one with eyes so keen, or love so quick to mark the change; no one to cheer her by a kindly word; no one to help her with sympathy or aid; no one to step forward to save her. Unpitied and unnoticed, she dedicated her precious existence to those who did not love her, nor care to watch or guard her. Too heavy a burden had been laid upon her, but her faithful hands bore it bravely to the last; and, with all a woman's trust and fortitude, she neither thought it hard, nor cried out to be relieved. If she had but spoken! If Percy had but cared to win her confidence!

At last, one day, she failed. She had been for some hours ironing, when, very quietly, she gave a deep sigh, and fell fainting to the ground. The red-armed maid ran screaming away, and Percy hurried down stairs. He found her to all appearance dead on the kitchen-floor, and, taking her in his arms, bore her tenderly and gently to her room; for he loved her as much as he could have loved any wife, and terror frightened him into nature and demonstration. A doctor was sent for; Mrs. Clarke snappishly repudiating all idea of danger, or the necessity of making a fuss because of such a common thing as a fainting fit; but when the doctor came he looked grave, ordering his patient to be kept in bed, and to be most zealously tended; ordering her, in fact, the attendance of a person dangerously ill, and for whom the only chance lay in loving watchfulness and care. But he found her so extraordinarily reduced, and with such distinct evidences of organic mischief, that he himself had but little hope of the result. He inquired minutely into her life; and the whole history was revealed. She was dying, literally from fatigue and exhaustion, he told her husband frankly, but severely.

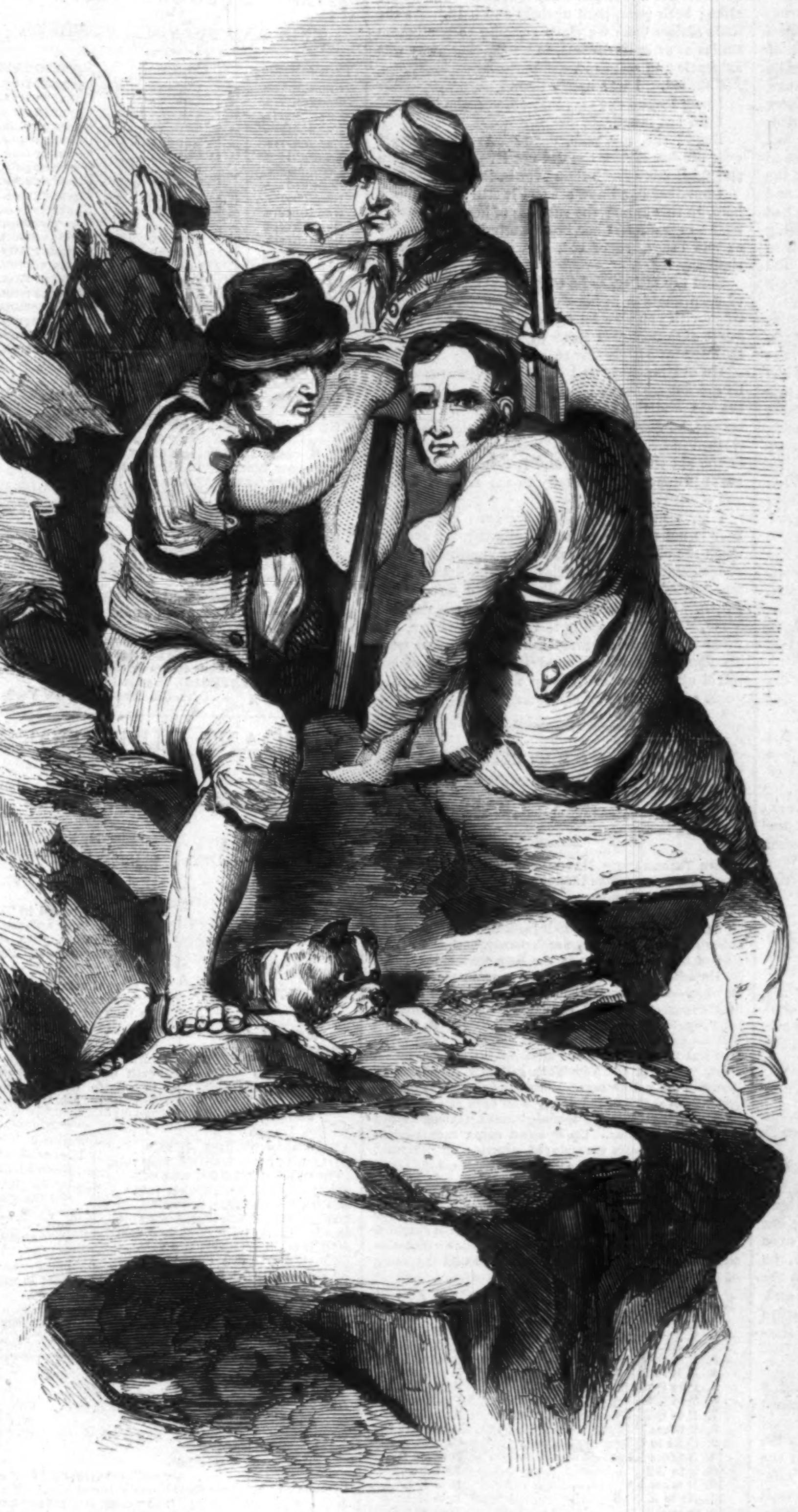
Percy never left her bedside. Night and day he nursed her, as she would have nursed her sick child. But this love had come too late. Not all his tears could give back the life which his blindness and hardness had helped to destroy. Neither could it now call out the love in that young heart, which had lain like a sleeping child that would have smiled back love for love to the one who had awakened it. All too late! too late! Happiness, love, and life all gone, and the hand that might have stayed them now stretched out imploringly in vain.

When Percy left that death-room he looked a shrunken, gray, withered old man; as if years, not hours, had passed over him since his young wife died. From that day no one ever saw him smile, and no one ever saw him lift his eyes frankly to theirs. He kept them fixed on the ground, or turned away like a man who has committed a crime; and so dragged on a life which had no need to ask of another the mystery and iniquity of torture. Even his mother cried a little when the baby died a month after its mother.

## REVIVAL OF RIBBONISM IN IRELAND.

We give herewith, from an English paper, a picture of a group of Irish Ribbonmen. Well understood as the name is in Great Britain, it may be necessary here to explain, that Ribbon or Riband Societies are mere associations of the Irish peasantry, formed for the purpose of avenging the real or fancied wrongs of any member of the body, and protecting malefactors against the vengeance of the law. In the old times of famine and starvation in Ireland, when to an ignorant and suffering people the term landlord might seem equivalent to oppressor, and resistance to a rent-collector almost justifiable, the Ribbon Societies were active as well in what was called "punishing" landlords as in concealing murderers. At an earlier period, during the fierce religious strifes of the north of Ireland, the ribbon societies were organized bodies of Catholics, acting in opposition to the organized Protestants, who bore the name of Orangemen. It is even said that the ribbon societies were in existence during the rebellion of '98; though at that time their character was probably more political than agrarian or religious.

Without entering into an argument on the lawfulness and propriety of secret societies, it may be said that, since the Encumbered Estates Act went into effect, and emigration depleted the over-populated districts of Ireland, the causes which once stimulated organized opposition to the laws have ceased to operate, and whatever justification may once have existed for the establishment of Ribbon Societies, and whatever apology might once have been made for agrarian outrages, neither the one nor the other are defensible now. Yet we have every reason to believe that Ribbon Societies continue to flourish in many parts of Ireland. Every mail contains some account of their proceedings.



IRISH RIBBONMEN.

Some weeks since Mr. Richard Ely, a gentleman residing in Queen's County, was passing out of his grounds in the evening, when he was shot dead by an assassin. It has been ascertained that the man who killed him was named Delany; that he had threatened to shoot him some time before; and that he is still living among the peasants of the vicinity, harbored and comforted as though he were a martyr. A porter who found Delany's hat shortly after the murder, and handed it over to the magistrates, has been obliged to leave the country by the Ribbonmen. Several magistrates who have been active in trying to discover the murderer have been warned that their lives are marked. And the peasantry distinctly declare that other landlords will share Mr. Ely's fate if they attempt to collect rent over a certain sum.

This is Ribbonism in Ireland, in the year 1858, and in the midst of such plenty and prosperity as that unfortunate country never enjoyed before. It is but just to say that many of the best of the Irish priests have denounced Ribbonism. Dean Kieran, Roman Catholic dignitary in Newry, has lately administered a heavy blow to Ribbonism from the pulpit. He said the system was at once an outrage on religion and a foul blot on civilization. It converted men into murderers, perjurers—into enemies alike of God and man. He hoped his voice would reach the victims of a terrible and wicked delusion. Unless the combination was at once broken up he would expose the names of all guilty parties that might come to his knowledge, and call on their employers to dismiss them from their service. Though he would be sorry, indeed, to injure the wives and children of even Ribbonmen, or of those who forgot their duties to their families, he gave those deluded men warning that persistence in their wicked course of life would leave him no excuse whatever for failing to publish their names, and publicly denounce the abettors of a secret and infernal tyranny which sets at defiance the ordinances of religion and the laws of the country.

## THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP.

So long a period has elapsed since the *Great Eastern* was a common topic of newspaper report and ordinary conversation, that many of our readers have perhaps forgotten all about her. She exists, nevertheless, and is in a state of forwardness, as the accompanying engraving, taken from a photograph made for the London *News*, will show.

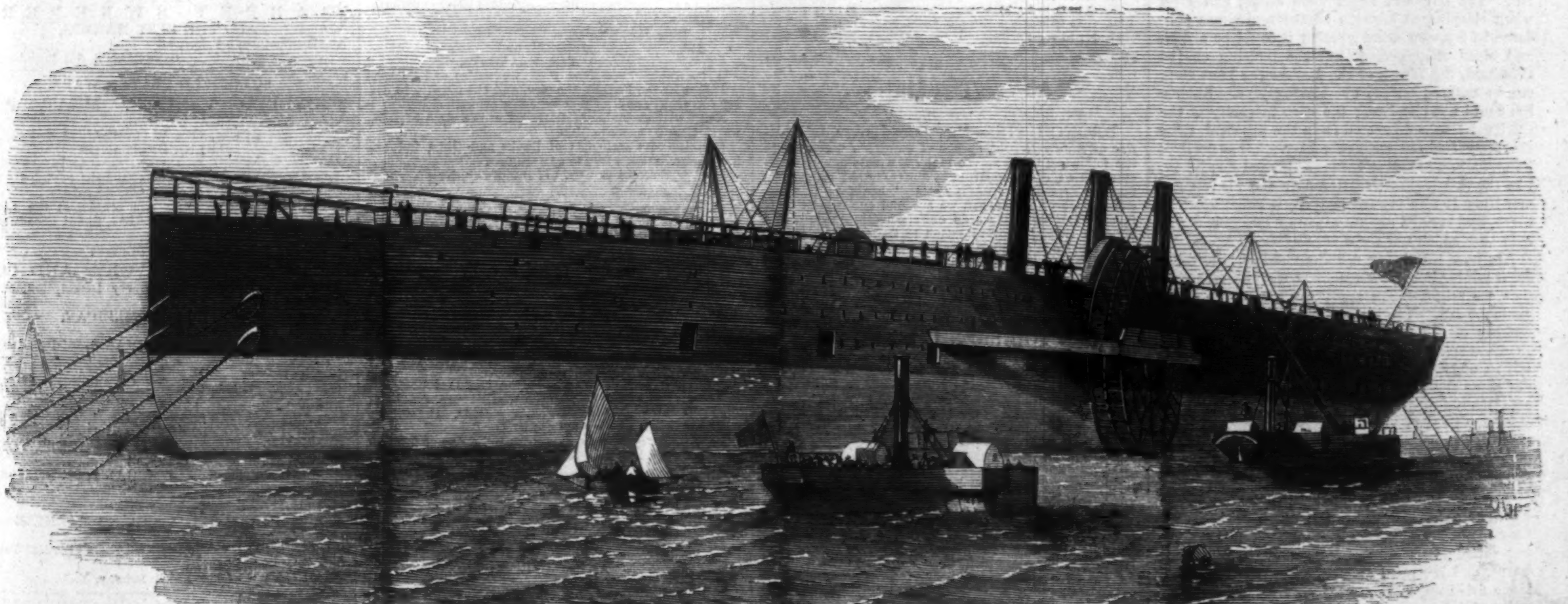
It may not be generally known that the expense of building and launching this mammoth vessel far exceeded the estimates, and in fact exhausted the capital of the company whose property she was. After vainly trying to raise money to complete her after the launch, the owners formed a new company, which bought her as she stood for a sum of $800,000. She had cost about $2,500,000. It is estimated that another half million or so will finish her, and prepare her for sea.

She is to make her trial trip to Portland, as originally advertised, and after that she will be "laid on" for Trincomalee, and freighted with goods for India, unless a better freight should induce her to sail for Australia. At any rate, there is now a fair prospect of her being able to go to sea early next spring; and if no accident occurs, she may be looked for in Portland before the beginning of next summer.

Her speed in the ocean is now estimated at sixteen knots an hour at least, or nearly 400 miles a day. At this rate she would cross the Atlantic in at least eight days, and in fine weather, when she could use her sails, in six or seven. The commercial world will wait for her trial trip with no ordinary impatience.

## IN THE AUTUMN.

The winds of autumn howled mournfully around Farmer Blakely's dwelling. They tossed the reddened and withered leaves in heaps, and, catching some loose straws in their path, whirled them far and wide through the air. Even the hens and turkeys standing before the blast were caught by it, and went scudding before it like ships



THE "GREAT EASTERN" LYING AT HER MOORINGS, DECEMBER, 1858.

in a storm. It made me comfortable; because I contrasted its rudeness and generally boisterous conduct with the snug comfort and fair prospect that the surroundings of the farm gave token of for the coming winter. Cords of wood were piled in the yard seasoning against the future evenings' fire; and in the clear yellow butt of the hickory log the sharp axe was stuck where John had left it when he stopped cutting. The granary-door had got unfastened somehow, and was slamming to and fro, ever and anon gladdening my eyes with the rich harvest within. The sty was deserted and empty now where lately the grunting porkers had stood, with hoof on rail, impatient of the coming meal. The pompous old turkey-cock strutted to and fro, bristling his wings upon the ground, and surveying the surrounding hen turkeys with a most patriarchal air.

I laughed inwardly to myself. I pictured him prone upon his back, with a rich brown coat on, bursting with his fatness. I saw his comrades, the pigs, grinning at him from the other end of the table, as if they had some superior merit. I saw the little brown quails flanking him on either side; and then I thought, "Ah ha! my feathered bully, just wait until Thanksgiving, and then let us see your patriarchal airs!"

"Wa'al," said a voice close at my elbow, which was no other than my father's, Farmer Blakely, "Wa'al, how do you stan' it now down in York? Not so well but what ye like to come and see the old folks once in a while, don't ye?" And when I returned a hearty affirmative to his warm greeting, he took me by the arm and led me all round, pointing out where he intended doing this and that thing next summer; and that he calculated, in time, he should have the old place look just as good as new.

The fact of it was, the old man had got bewitched with the new house Squire Fergus had built, and wanted one just like it; and was trying, by the aid of paint, putty, and glass, to remodel the outside of his old-fashioned mansion into a new-fangled summer villa, much to the regret of myself and the rest of the family.

What were the "flying buttresses," architraves, and other crooked abominations to me? What the filigreed ornaments to the dear old weather-beaten house, sweet by many fond associations? Was not the moss that overlaid its foundation stones better decoration to it than pointed masonry?

It was not my *native* home; it was my adopted one. But even when my eyes returned to it again from wandering, it seemed as though I had always known it—as though I had but found that rest for which I had always, though sometimes indirectly, been making for—as though the ship had entered her port, struck her sail, and made anchorage after the stormy voyage. So I did not like the change, and told him so.

"Ho, ho! my lad, you are behind the time; the old house looks very well, as you say; but we must keep pace with the age—keep pace with the age—or else we shall be outstripped in the race!" Thus my father.

I went to the house. Etta was there. Etta was my wife, as you know. She went to live in the city. City air, even for the healthy country-bred woman, was not wholesome; I could not have her there; I could not see every day before my eyes the fading cheek, the lustreless, inanimate eye, the shrinking form; therefore I sent her again to the pure air, the freedom of her own native hills, and, more than all, to feel—as true lovers of Nature feel—the unspeakable expansion of soul and elasticity of spirit we have when alone with her.

It was not well.

I entered the low-ceiled kitchen, receiving a pleasant nod from Charity, the "help;" I passed into the little front parlor, where the old-fashioned paper curtains hung in the window, sacred to me by so many sweet memories, and there, upon the lounge, half reclining, half sitting up, was my wife. A look of pleasure flushed her cheek and gave it the semblance of health. She reached her hand, and I came and sat beside her. It was thus I passed my leisure, cherishing the few hours of her society that I knew remained to me. It was thus I husbanded the treasure of her presence before it should pass away forever. There was no need of conversation in these dear hours—no need of harsh speech to break the stillness of our heart communion. The day and night were alike; and even when sleeping at her side I have sometimes pondered in my own mind whether it could be a flesh and blood existence, or but the pausing on the threshold, the lifting of the foot for the next step, ere we entered on the everlasting joys. Such a life could not last long; the very intensity of the spiritual senses detracted from the physical, until the body became weaker and weaker—until it hung, as in a balance, between life and death; as, like the thistle-down scattered on the air in summer-time, it rose toward heaven, it came down to earth, and seemed caught away by invisible hands only to gladden our sight once again.

Ah, how the flying months went on! how the drear winter howled his note of warning over us, that we might make ready for his coming! It made me sad. The hushed stillness of the air, the rocking of the forest trees, and the biting blast that, sweeping down the mountain side, hurled itself in unavailing fury against our roof. It was not alone the year that waned and went out from us. Human hearts had winter in them too. Desolate our lives looked henceforward; for the blow that was to come, the tempest that was to sweep over us, was but in abeyance. We knew it, and shuddered at its coming.

The last leaf had fluttered from the trees; the naked branches lashed the air, and where they grew near the house swept the sides with a harsh, grating sound; they flew over the frosty ground in heaps, and lay piled along the brook course, long since dried up, in many a furrow; and while the pulse of Nature seemed itself stopped, awaiting the great change, so, too, the life we cherished more than our own went out from among us, and joined that endless throng that for ages have gone before her. What a life, and what a death! They were alike; both pure, both upright and holy. As the little sinless babe we clasp sleeping to our bosom smiles at us in its dreams, so her passing away was as gentle and soft as it.

I smiled. I was happy then.

I heard some one say, "Dead, yes, she is dead."

I did but laugh.

Dead? she, my wife, dead? As if she could ever die—as if now she did not live ten-fold more strongly, more truly than ever in the clay.

I hold her hand now; I feel it still; its clasp is here, in this palm; the rustling of her garments is near to me; I feel her breath stirring in my hair as she bends, as of old, over me. Dead! who shall say it?

Said my father, as he took my hand with a look of deep anguish in his eye, "Dear boy, I sympathize with you; we all do; and know that, in your great affliction, you have our heartfelt pity, and that our love is greater than ever."

He did not feel, as I did, the Divine presence; he did not see it, as I saw it, illumining the room, the air, and the whole future of my life with its being; he did not see her, restored to health "and clothed in her right mind," watching over us all as in the old time. I did, and it called me from its heart in tones audible only to me and my heart, and *it* answered Yes.

I have my duty in life as ever. The yoke I bear is not easy, as no earthly burden is; and yet when the old spirit arises, when sometimes I chafe at restraints and difficulties—as who does not?—the face of Etta rises before me and softens my wrath. I am content now. I never visit that old home, where so much is to remind me of her, but when the sun at evening lights up the west with his flame of gold. I know it is the door of her world ajar that opens out on me its pure light to guide me the more surely to her.

## CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

☞ Solutions and problems, and answers to correspondents, in our next.

The Telegraphic Match between Philadelphia and New York.—The interesting contest between five of the principal amateurs, severally representing the rival cities of Philadelphia and New York, was resumed on Saturday evening, the 18th instant. The players on either side being the same as formerly, with the exception of the substitution, on the New York side, of Mr. N. Marache, one of our very best men, in place of Mr. D. Fiske—the latter gentleman being prevented by business engagements from continuing his attendance, as formerly, at the Rotunda Exchange. New York having had the first move in the previous game, the same privilege was now accorded to Philadelphia; and on its receipt, "P to K 4," New York gallantly responded by telegraphing a like move—thus surrendering to her opponent the choice of indulging in an open attack, which developed itself into the opening termed "Queen's-Pawn 2," or Scotch Game. Up to latest dates, twenty-seven moves on each side were played, namely: on Saturday, thirteen; on Tuesday, six; and on Wednesday, seven more. The evening of Tuesday, the 28th inst., is appointed for the continuance of play, and is waited for with the greatest interest by all Chess devotees; as the present position of the parties is critical in the extreme, and the game under consideration that which will decide the match. The following score will exhibit the result of the play so far:

### SECOND GAME.

| | *Philadelphia.* | *New York.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. | K Kt to B 3 | Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. | P to Q 4 | P takes P |
| 4. | K B to Q B 4 | B to Q B 4 |
| 5. | P to Q B 3 | Kt to K B 3 |
| 6. | P to K 5 | P to Q 4 |
| 7. | B to Q Kt 5 | Kt to K 5 |
| 8. | P takes P | B to Q Kt 3 |
| 9. | Q Kt to Q 2 | Castles. |
| 10. | B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 11. | Q to B 2 | Kt takes Kt |
| 12. | B takes Kt | B to K Kt 5 |
| 13. | Kt to K Kt 5 | B to K Kt 3 |
| 14. | Q to Q B 3 | P to K B 3 |
| 15. | P to K R 3 | B to K B 4 |
| 16. | Kt to K B 3 | B to K 5 |
| 17. | B to K B 4 | P takes P |
| 18. | B takes P | Q to K 2 |
| 19. | Castles on Q's side | P to Q B 4 |
| 20. | K R to K | P takes P |
| 21. | B takes P | P to Q B 4 |
| 22. | B to K 5 | Q R to K |
| 23. | B to Kt 3 | Q to Q Kt 2 |
| 24. | Kt to K 5 | P to Q 5 |
| 25. | Q to Q B 4 (ch) | B to Q 4 |
| 26. | Q to Q R 4 | Q R to K 3 |
| 27. | Kt to Kt 4 | P to K R 4 |

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